

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,575



FEBRUARY 3, 1900

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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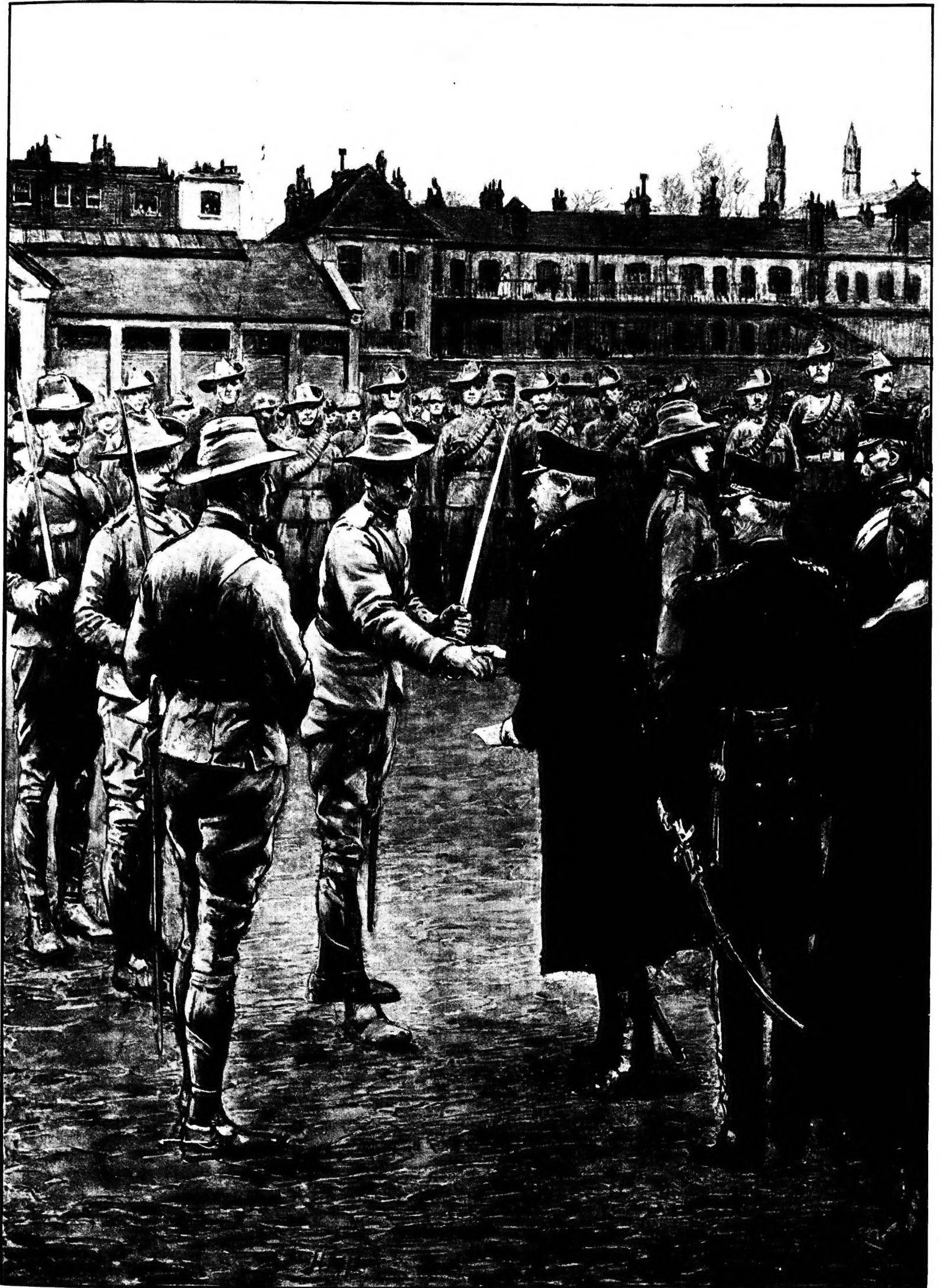
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,575.—Vol. LXI.
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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1900

FORTY-EIGHT PAGES

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Five companies of the Imperial Yeomanry, numbering in all about 700 men, assembled at Albany Street Barracks last week, and were inspected by their hon. colonel, the Prince of Wales. The five companies—two from Buckinghamshire and one each from Berkshire, Middlesex, and Oxfordshire—arrived at the barracks soon after ten o'clock. Captain De Winton and Captain Lawson were in command of the Buckinghamshire companies, Captain Viscount Valentia commanded the Oxfordshire company, Captain the Hon. O. W. Craven the Berkshire, and Major Dalbiac the Middlesex. The men were in their service kit. The Prince, attended by his

Equerry, General Sir F. Stanley Clarke, arrived punctually at eleven o'clock. Accompanied by Lord Chesham, Major-General Trotter, and other Staff officers, he passed down the lines and inspected the men. Afterwards the Prince addressed the officers, and wished them God-speed and a safe return. Lord Chesham then called for three cheers for the Prince of Wales, which were given with great heartiness. All the officers were then presented to the Prince, who shook hands cordially with each.

A ROYAL FAREWELL TO THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY: THE PRINCE OF WALES SHAKING HANDS WITH THE OFFICERS

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

Topics of the Week

Our Task in South Africa

THE failure of General Buller's second attempt to relieve Ladysmith has been received by the country with the manliness and dignity to be expected of a great nation confident of its power and the righteousness of its cause. We have no wish to delude the native sanguineness of our readers by an excessive optimism, but we think it only right to point out that their self-possession is justified, and that there is nothing in the situation in South Africa which need cause serious alarm. That we have had reverses is, of course, true, but they are not great reverses in proportion to the magnitude of the war. The Russians before Plevna had a task before them not altogether dissimilar from that which confronts General Buller on the Tugela, but, although the magazine rifle, as we now know it, was not then invented, and quick-firing artillery was unknown, their losses in storming the Turkish intrenchments were ten times as heavy as any we have yet experienced in South Africa. It must also not be forgotten that the present deadlock is only a lull in a series of operations which have all been to the credit of this country. Since the arrival of the Field Force in South Africa we have gradually pushed the enemy back. At one time the Boers in Natal were as far south as the Mooi River, on the western border they were close to the Orange River, and in the centre they were at Molteno and Naauwpoort. From all these positions they have been compelled to recede, and although at the present moment they hold us at bay, they are also being effectually held in check. The disaster, of course, that we all fear is that, while General Buller is maturing his plans for a third attack, the gallant garrison of Ladysmith may find itself at the end of its resources. The capitulation of Sir George White would be a heavy moral blow, but even were it to take place—and we are far from believing that anything of the kind is imminent—our actual power to carry the war to a triumphant conclusion would not be impaired. On the contrary, our hands would be freer than they are at present. Even with Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking neutralised, we shall soon have in South Africa a very much larger army than the Boers can meet successfully. Leaving things as they are—that is reckoning that General Buller will need all his present force to hold the Tugela, and that Lord Methuen will also require the army he has now with him to keep the Boers in check at Magersfontein—we shall still have more than 60,000 men and 250 guns wherewith to undertake the long-talked-of march to Bloemfontein, which is clearly the enterprise for which Lord Roberts is now quietly preparing. This force is independent of the very considerable number of men we have to keep to our communications, and it consists solely of fighting men. As soon as this force begins to move the resistance in both Natal and on the west will weaken, if it does not altogether disappear, and then two more armies will be available for the advance. Under these circumstances there are really no grounds for despair. The task before us will take time, but our resources are quite adequate to its accomplishment. We are still far from such desperate expedients as the Militia ballot, for which some panic-stricken newspapers have lately been clamouring. There is, of course, the danger of foreign complications; but as yet we see no signs of such a peril, and we doubt very much whether it has any real existence.

Indian Loyalty

THERE would have been ample excuse had our fellow-subjects in India done nothing further in this hour of trial than demonstrate their loyalty and sympathy to England by kindly expressions of goodwill. They have at their own doors full, and more than full, use for all the money they can spare; although rain has fallen in some districts, the number of the famine-stricken continues to increase every week. In spite of this preceptory call on their benevolence, the Indian Princes, nobles and merchants vie with one another in the magnitude of their donations for the relief of suffering consequent on the war. Not only that, either, but the deep, patriotic feeling displayed by the native speakers at the Calcutta Town Hall gives assurance to the Queen-Empress that the great Asiatic country, whose destinies she sways so wisely and so well, is not unmindful of what it owes to the Sovereign who has proved

her care for its well-being by acquiring its language. Hindoos, Mahomedans, and Parsees echoed precisely the same sentiments at the City of Palaces as elsewhere; great chieftains, great landowners, great merchants, and great religionists united as one man to approve and extol the upholding in South Africa of that British supremacy which has brought such immeasurable blessings to themselves and their ancient race. Perhaps the most notable among many notable utterances was that of the Bengali Rajah that, "the military glory of England must be preserved untarnished at any price." The nationality of which he is an honoured and illustrious representative has not been wont to attach much value to military glory, but old notions of that sort have, apparently, given place to the more inspiring and patriotic view that no nation in which the military instinct has died out can long preserve its independence.

Old Age Pensions

IT cannot be said that the Archbishop of Canterbury's allocation on old-age pensions does much to forward the theoretical movement to a practical stage. While the Primate is disposed to favour an experimental venture with universal pensions—that would, no doubt, get rid of many difficulties—he specially singles out two classes for State help in old age. Most people will cordially agree that, if these pensions are deserved by any, the most meritorious



THE LATEST PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK

From a Photograph taken at Osborne by Special Command by Chancellor and Son, Dublin

claimants on the national bounty are the old people incapable of earning even a meagre subsistence, and those who in their previous lives never possessed sufficient means to make any provision for the future. But how could their past career be traced from early manhood to old age? We fail to imagine any practicable method of differentiating between the thrifty and the thriftless except by applying the test of having long been in membership of some friendly society. On the other hand, if there be none of this discrimination between the two classes, if every toiler is to become entitled to a State subsidy after reaching a certain age, what would become of that chief incentive to thrift, the dread of a poverty-stricken old age? Mr. Charles Booth is bold enough to contend that if workpeople could make sure of receiving small pensions at sixty-five years of age, they would be encouraged to strive hard to add to the amount by practising self-denial during their earlier lives. But the friendly societies hold strongly to the contrary, their earnest conviction being that a very large number would never attempt to make any provision at all for old age, being content to chance it whether their pensions would keep them going in tolerable comfort. The Primate will agree with us, we feel assured, that if this foreboding were fulfilled old age pensions would prove a curse rather than a blessing to the British proletariat. With that deadly risk in view, the Government would act wisely to take further time before coming to any definite decision.

The Court

MOURNING in the Royal House and the depressing shadow of the war news have made this a sad week at Osborne. A Memorial Service was especially arranged at Osborne at the hour of Duke of Teck's funeral, the Duchess Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein—who was niece to the Queen—being commemorated at the same time. The Service took place in the private chapel at Osborne, the Queen, Princess Beatrice and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein being present. Mourning for both the Duke of Teck and the Duchess Frederick is now being worn at Osborne. Various members of the Royal Family have been at Osborne. Princess Louise and Lord Lorne arrived at the end of last week. Princess Christian came early this week, and the Prince of Wales is expected on a short visit. Whilst Princess Louise was at Osborne she accompanied Princess Beatrice and her eldest daughter, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein to Netley Hospital to the sick and wounded from South Africa. The Royal party was over quite informally, bringing kindly messages from the Queen and were just in time to see some 200 men arrived home invalid after the battles of Colenso and Magersfontein.

The London season promises to be very dull with so many people in mourning or anxiety about their relatives at the front. But the usual Levées and Drawing Rooms will take place, although the dates are not fixed, and it is unlikely that the Queen will appear at either of the early Drawing Rooms at least. The Princess of Wales will of course represent Her Majesty.

Few of the important reinforcements for South Africa leave without a hearty send-off from the Royalty. So the Prince of Wales inspected a detachment of the contingent of Imperial Yeomanry, although the whole force could not assemble. For reasons of distance, there was a goodly show of 600 on the Albany Street Barracks parade to go under the eye of their Royal honorary colonel. This contingent was composed of the companies from Bucks, Middlesex, Berks, and Oxfordshire. They were drawn up facing the officers' quarters, while the Life Guards kept the ground and spectators crowded every corner and window. The Prince of Wales was welcomed in the barrack square by Lord Chesham, commanding the corps, and once walked down the ranks, inspecting the men and their equipment most minutely and questioning Lord Chesham on many details. The inspection over, the Prince made a most inspiring speech to the regiment—received with three hearty cheers—and then exchanged a few words with each of the officers. A Royal salute and the National Anthem greeted the Prince as he drove away, loudly cheered by the crowd outside the barracks.

For the next week or two the Prince and Princess of Wales will divide their time between London and Sandringham. They came up to town at the end of last week for the Yeomanry inspection, and the Duke of Teck's funeral, and went back to Sandringham on Saturday night. Next morning they were at Sandringham Church, with Prince and Princess Victoria and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark. The Prince came up to town again on Monday night for a short visit. He intends to be present at several concerts and entertainments organised to raise funds for the sufferers by the war.

Music of the Week

CONCERTS have been very much better attended this week, and there is every hope that the "slump" is passing away. Indeed, there is great doubt whether the influenza, far more than the war, was

not responsible for any temporary neglect of musical entertainments. M. Ysaye made his first appearance this season at the opening Symphony Concert at Queen's Hall on Saturday. He is very welcome, the more especially as we have so few great violinists in London this season, both Dr. Joachim and Lady Hallé preferring to confine their appearances to the Continent. M. Ysaye will, however, take part in some of Mr. Newman's Symphony Concerts, and also in several of the Popular Concerts, leading the Quartet party on the five Monday "Pops" originally reserved for Dr. Joachim.

Herr Halir led the Quartet at the Popular Concert on Saturday. Herr Halir is an old pupil of Joachim, and is second violin of the famous Joachim Quartet of Berlin. Under his leadership a very good performance was given of Mozart's Quartet in C, last of the set dedicated to Haydn, although one of the quartet party, Mr. Gibson, was taken ill at the last minute, and had to be suddenly replaced as viola player by Mr. Slocombe. Miss Adela Verne gave a tasteful rendering of Paderewski's *Thème Varié*, with a little piece by Scarlatti for an encore, and likewise joined Herr Halir in a performance of Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata, which, of course, was the great attraction of the afternoon.

On St. Paul's Day Mendelssohn's great Christian Oratorio was performed both at the Albert Hall and St. Paul's Cathedral. At the Albert Hall the choir easily took first place, and, indeed, the performance on the part of these singers was a remarkably good one, the best, perhaps, possible away from the Leeds or the Birmingham Festival. At St. Paul's as usual only those portions of the Oratorio were rendered which dealt with the Conversion of the Apostle. There was an enormous congregation, many of whom indeed had waited from the morning service. The ordinary singers of the Cathedral took the solos, but the Cathedral choir was augmented to 250 voices, and a small

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DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CAPTAIN FERGUSON

About forty wounded prisoners—mostly Scandinavians—were captured by Methuen's troops at the battle of Magersfontein. They received every consideration on being brought into the British camp. The Scandinavians complained bitterly of the manner in which they had been treated by the Boers, who, although

thoroughly aware that their picket had been destroyed, never sent out any ambulances or doctors to them. The wounded were thus left lying for thirty hours, and through the bitterly cold night

SOLACE AFTER THE REVERSE AT MAGERSFONTEIN: BRINGING WOUNDED BOER PRISONERS INTO OUR CAMP



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.L.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT H. S. TOPPIN

Storms in South Africa are proverbially severe, and it is not a pleasant experience to be under no better shelter than a tent while the rain and wind are at their height. The Fighting Fifth had their quarters badly

damaged during one of these storms the other day, as may be seen in our illustration, which shows the officers' tents during the storm

WITH LORD METHUEN'S FORCE: THE EFFECT OF A STORM ON THE CAMP

orchestra was employed under Sir George Martin. The music likewise included Mr. Birket Foster's "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis," originally composed some years ago for one of the Festivals of the Sons of the Clergy in the same building.

Mr. Maurice Grau has decided to try opera in English at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, next autumn, although it is said he will really very largely depend upon English versions of Wagner's advanced works. The experiment will be watched with interest, for if it succeeds, beyond much doubt it will also be tried at Covent Garden. Indeed, the two companies in New York and London are almost identical. Mr. Grau himself, meanwhile, proposes to undertake a short tour in Mexico, abandoning his American tour, which does not pay so well as was anticipated. The New York season will, however, be given as usual.

The Crystal Palace Directors have wisely resolved to change the dates of the Festival next June, in order to bring in two Saturday half-holidays. When the Handel Festivals were first started at the Crystal Palace, the Public Rehearsal invariably took place on the Saturday afternoon. But the day was changed in order to make room for the Saturday Rose Show, which at that time was a very aristocratic and attractive function. Now, however, the Rose Show takes place later in the summer, and accordingly the Handel Festival this year is thus fixed:—The Public Rehearsal for Saturday, June 16, and the "Messiah," "Selection," and "Israel," for the following Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

The Philharmonic Concerts will commence early next month. The chief absolute novelties promised are an overture by Mr. Manns's nephew Otto, an orchestral piece entitled "Miniature of an Every-Day Comedy," by Mr. Coleridge Taylor, and a concert piece for pianoforte and orchestra by Mr. Cowen, the last to be played by M. Paderewski. The prospectus is, indeed, extremely strong in pianists, for besides the great Polish artist we are promised in the course of the season Herr Moritz Rosenthal, Mr. Frederick Lamond, Madame Carreño, Herr Von Dohnányi, and, possibly, M. Siliti. Dr. Dvorák will likewise come over to England to conduct some of his latest compositions.

The Bach Choir will this year only give one concert, namely, a performance next month of the great Mass in B minor, for the revival of which the choir were originally founded in 1876. This time, however, they have invited the services of a considerable contingent from the Leeds Festival Choir to reinforce their own singers, who of late years seem more or less to have fallen off.



In looking at this photograph one hardly knows whether to admire the ingenuity of the constructor of this curious trolley bicycle or the athletic instinct that prompted it. The rider of this improvised machine is Captain Wood, of the Devons. Our illustration is from a snapshot by Lieutenant A. C. Girdwood.

HOW TO CROSS THE ORANGE RIVER IN RECORD TIME

War and Wheels

FOR one reason in particular the campaign that is in progress in South Africa at the present moment is remarkable. This is that it has presented the military cyclist—for the first time in his history as a recognised unit of the Regular forces—with a practical opportunity of demonstrating his value. Hitherto, the inclusion of the bicycle among the various means of transport adopted by the British Army in the field has not been very seriously considered. Now, however, this condition of affairs will no longer hold good, for so many instances have recently come to hand of the good work performed by soldier cyclists in different parts of the "strategical area," that the worth of the wheel in time of war can no longer be ignored.

Although, as has been said, the present is the first occasion on which the cycle has been used in war, it has, nevertheless, been employed for some little time past by the Army in other ways. For instance, its value as a method by which messages can be transmitted from point to point when troops are on the march has already been recognised by the War Office authorities. For this reason, accordingly, a manual of drill for military cyclists has been compiled, and in this the regulations to be observed by such troops are carefully detailed.

Among the contents of its pages is a description of the machine which has been officially approved of. This is of two types: (1) Bicycle and (2) tandem bicycle, with "specifications," as follows— "Bicycle, a rear-driving, front-steering safety bicycle, measuring about six feet in length and carrying one man; the weight varies from 30 lb. to 40 lb., including mud-guards and brake." The tandem bicycle is required to be of this pattern— "A rear-driving, front-steering safety bicycle, measuring about eight feet in length, and carrying two men; its weight varies from 50 lb. to 70 lb., including mud-guards and brake."

As to the special advantage, from a military point of view, that can be derived from the employment of soldier cyclists, it is laid down that this "lies in the fact that they can traverse great distances along roads at a high speed." They are expressly cautioned, however, in the same passage, to never forget that they are infantrymen first and cyclists afterwards. The rate of speed expected of them is, under ordinary circumstances, one of a minimum of thirty-two miles, and a maximum of sixty-four miles, daily.



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER, REINHOLD THIELE

Our Special Photographer arrived at the Modder River Camp while the wounded were being brought in from the battlefield of Magersfontein. "The first sight," he writes, "was a large mule wagon full of dead, covered with sail-cloth, accompanied by a section of men with picks and shovels, and followed by an officer and men with rifles slung downwards. Soon afterwards a long train of fifteen mule wagons, flying the Red Cross, came slowly from the distant field, through the camp, to

deliver its wounded at the Crown and Royal Hotel, followed at short intervals by another. The wounded were lying closely packed underneath the verandah, in stables, underneath trees, and in garden houses—in fact, everywhere. I counted over 200, who were gradually being attended to, and then removed on stretchers to the hospital tents. It was a sight I shall never forget, and with it there was silence everywhere."

WOUNDED HEROES ARRIVING AT MODDER RIVER CAMP

The Duke of Teck

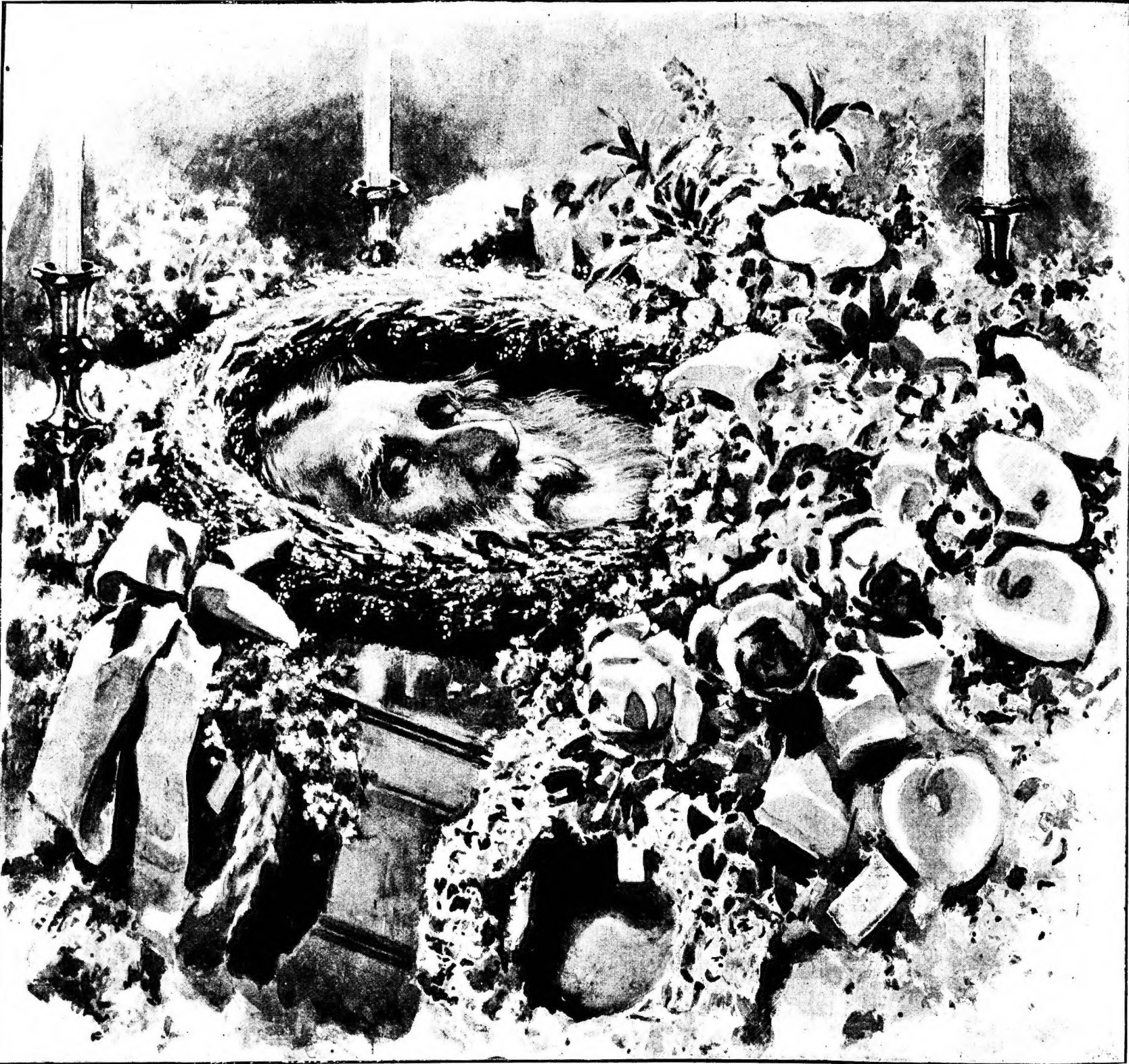
THE Duke of Teck has been laid to rest by the side of his wife in the Royal vault below the Albert Memorial Chapel, Windsor. The funeral ceremony was very simple—quite a family affair, for few beyond relatives and intimate friends were present. The Duke's remains had been brought into St. George's Chapel the night before, received only by the Dean of Windsor, with a few clergy and the choir, who escorted the coffin to the Chapelle Ardente, erected at the west end of the nave. There, after a few prayers, the body was left all night on its blue-draped catafalque. The coffin was of polished oak, inscribed with the Duke's name and titles, and bore solely the white wreath sent by his only daughter, the Duchess of York, together with the dead man's hat and sword. Other wreaths were piled by the side—the Queen's garland of lilies of the valley, bay leaves, and immortelles, with her own inscription of "A mark of affection and friendship from his cousin Victoria, R.I.," a cross of lilies of the valley and arums from the Prince and Princess of Wales, and, most touching of



In fulfilment of his own wish, John Ruskin was buried in the Churchyard at Coniston. The grave of the great writer lies next to those of the Misses Beever, old and attached friends, whose resting-places are marked by three marble crosses. A more beautiful display of floral tributes than that on the grave it would not be easy to imagine. Among the many wreaths was one from Princess Louise. Another wreath was of laurel, and was sent by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., and was inscribed:—"With profound admiration and deep affection." It was also accompanied by this note:—"It comes from our garden, and the tree has been cut before three times only—for Tennyson, Leighton, and Burne-Jones. This time for the last of my friends." Our illustration is from a photograph by J. Hargreaves, Dalton-on-Furness

THE GRAVE OF MR. RUSKIN IN CONISTON CHURCHYARD

all, three small wreaths of lilac, chrysanthemums, and lilies of the valley, with the message written by little Prince Edward of York, "For dear grandpapa, from Davie, Bertie, and Bibi." On Saturday morning St. George's filled rapidly with mourners, members of the Diplomatic body, military men, and personal friends, the guard of honour being furnished by the 24th Middlesex Volunteers, of whom the Duke was Colonel. The clergy and the Marquis of Lorne—as Governor of Windsor Castle—came down the Chapel to meet the mourners, who were headed by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York—the three Princes of Teck are all serving in South Africa, and so could not follow their father's remains to the grave. When the Princes had gathered round the coffin the procession was formed, and the Volunteers bore the body of their Colonel to the opening over the Royal vault, the coffin being then covered with flowers. The Prince of Wales placed the Queen's wreath on the coffin. The Service proceeded, the Dean of Windsor said the committal sentences, and the body was lowered into the Royal vault, a few white flowers being scattered over the coffin as it passed down.



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

FROM A SKETCH BY A. COX

The remains of Mr. Ruskin were removed from Brantwood on the morning before the funeral and arrived at Coniston Church shortly after twelve to lie in state there until two o'clock the next day, an hour before the time fixed for the funeral. The coffin having been placed at the foot of the chancel steps, a short service was held, conducted by the Rev. C. Chapman, the vicar. The hymn, "Peace, perfect peace," was sung with

much feeling, and was followed by silent prayer and the Lord's Prayer. The service concluded with the Dead March in "Saul." The coffin contained a glass panel, through which the face could be plainly seen. The features appeared little changed, and bore a serene and peaceful expression. During the afternoon a large number of people passed by the coffin

A LAST SIGHT OF THE GREAT WRITER: THE BODY OF JOHN RUSKIN LYING IN CONISTON CHURCH



the Duke of Connaught, Prince Louis of Battenberg, the Duke of Fife, and the Marquis of Lorne. The service was conducted by the Dean of Windsor, assisted by Canon Dalton, Canon Gee, the Revs. S. K. Tabourdin, W. Marshall, and Edgar Sheppard.

THE FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF TECK: THE SERVICE IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG



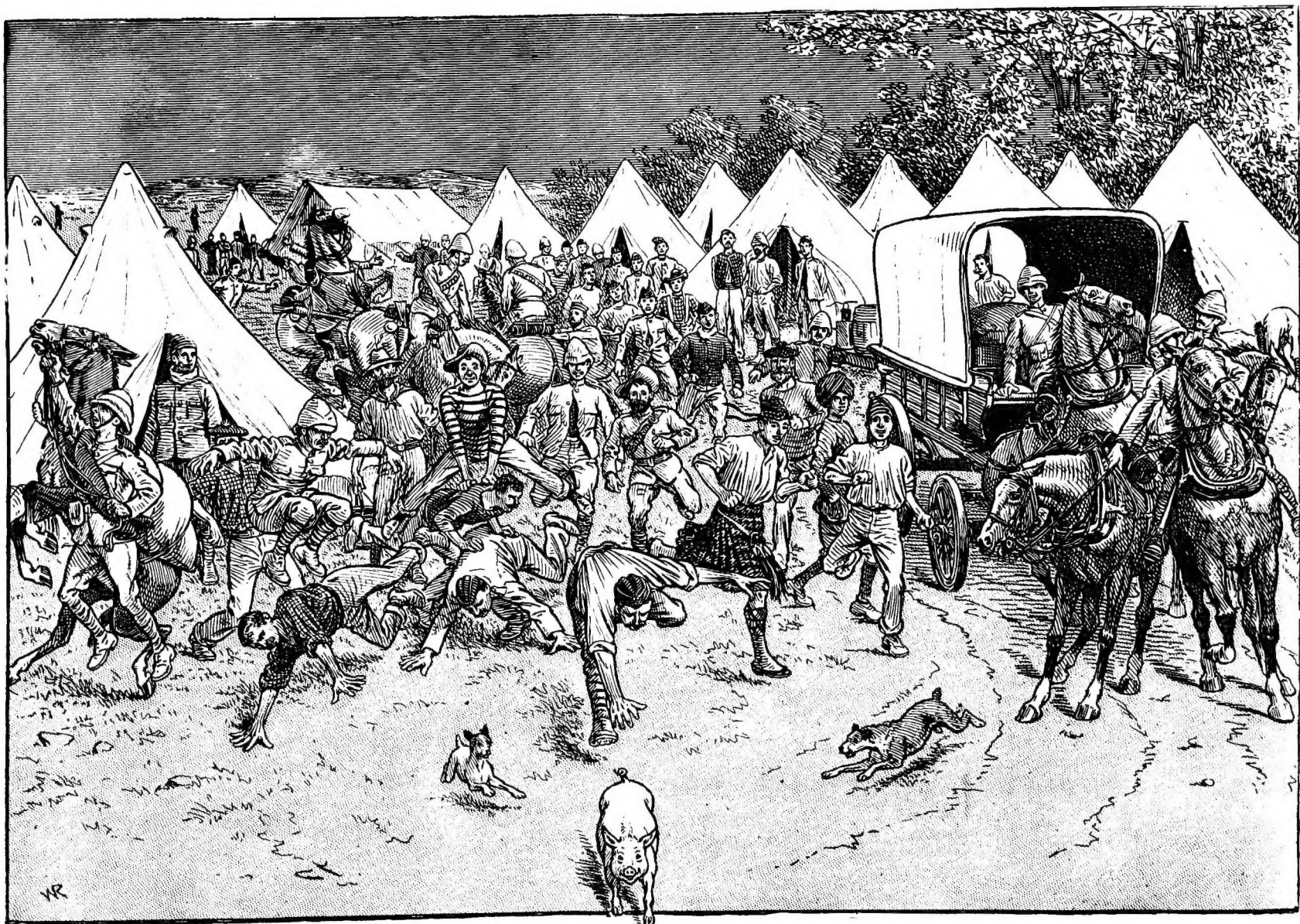
DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT H. S. TOPPIN

Transport is not easy in South Africa, but the introduction of traction engines has made it vastly more easy than it used to be when every load had to travel by bullock waggons. The needs of a large army, on the march, food, ammunition, and baggage, are considerable, and vast numbers of oxen would be required for

their transport, and a corresponding increase in the number of men detailed to guard the transport. Our illustration shows men of 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers—or 5th as they prefer to be called—loading the trucks of a baggage train

WITH LORD METHUEN'S FORCE: HOW THE BAGGAGE OF THE ARMY IS CARRIED



CAUSE AND EFFECT

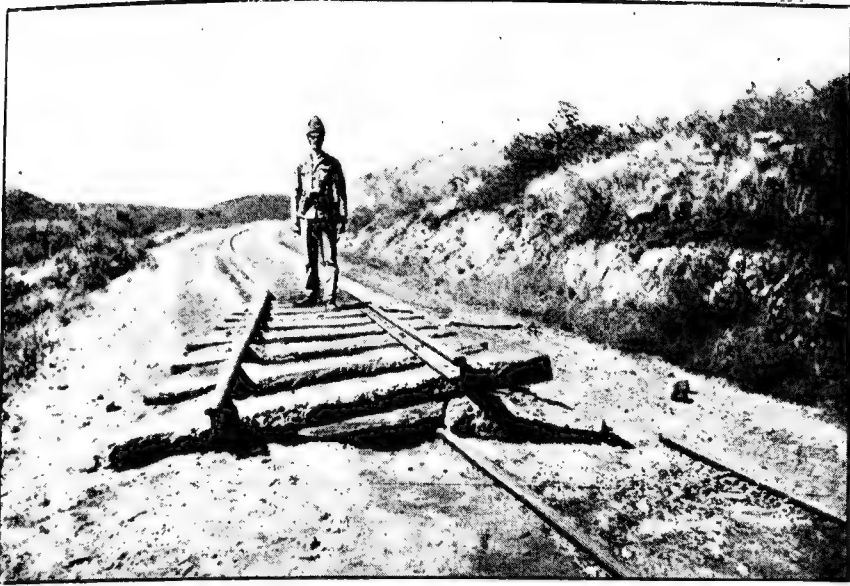
DRAWN BY W. RALSTON

FROM A SKETCH BY E. S. BEACH

"We secured a 'four legged' turkey for our Christmas dinner. He was much admired by passers-by as he sat in his pen. On the evening of December 23 he escaped, and we saw our Christmas dinner careering over the veldt among tents, waggons, and busies, followed by a yelling crowd. He was eventually caught and

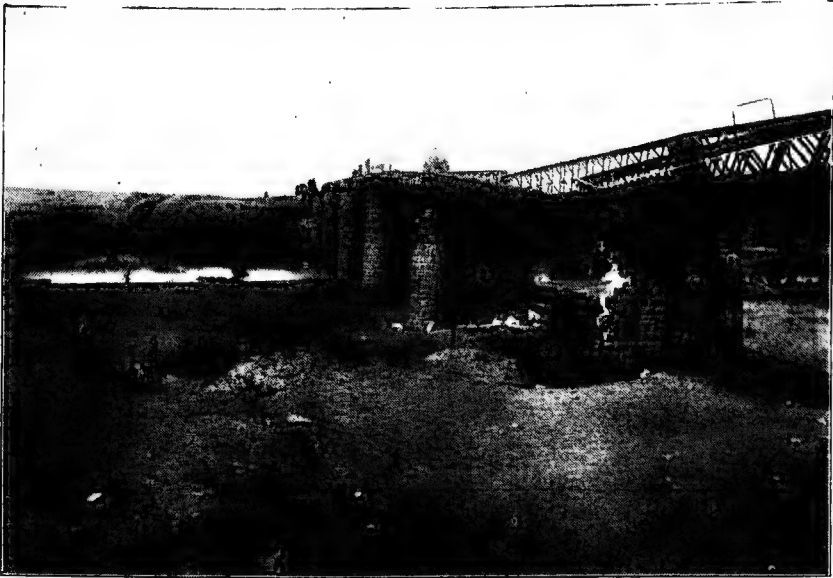
securely lodged. You will be glad to hear that his escapade in no way interfered with his tenderness."—Extract from a letter from an officer with Lord Methuen

HOW WE NEARLY LOST OUR CHRISTMAS DINNER ON THE MODDER RIVER



When the Boers cannot check the advance of our men by blowing up bridges, they content themselves with tearing up a portion of the permanent way. Such damage for the most part can be speedily put right again by our engineers. Our photograph is by Lieutenant A. C. Girdwood

HOW THE BOERS STOP A TRAIN



Modder River, was the scene of the third of Lord Methuen's battles. The railway bridge had been previously destroyed by the enemy. To the left is the temporary bridge and cutting made by the Royal Engineers. The railway bridge is now under repair by the Engineers. Our photograph is by our special photographer Reinhold Thiele

THE OLD AND NEW BRIDGES OVER THE MODDER RIVER



It is a good thing for our soldiers that they have usually plenty of spirits, and that the otherwise dull time of life on a transport does not affect them much. Constantly exercised and always for a game of some kind the men keep for the most very well on board ship. Here is one giving a "lecture" on how to carry wounded. Our photograph is by Captain R. S. Ferguson

FUN ON BOARD A TRANSPORT



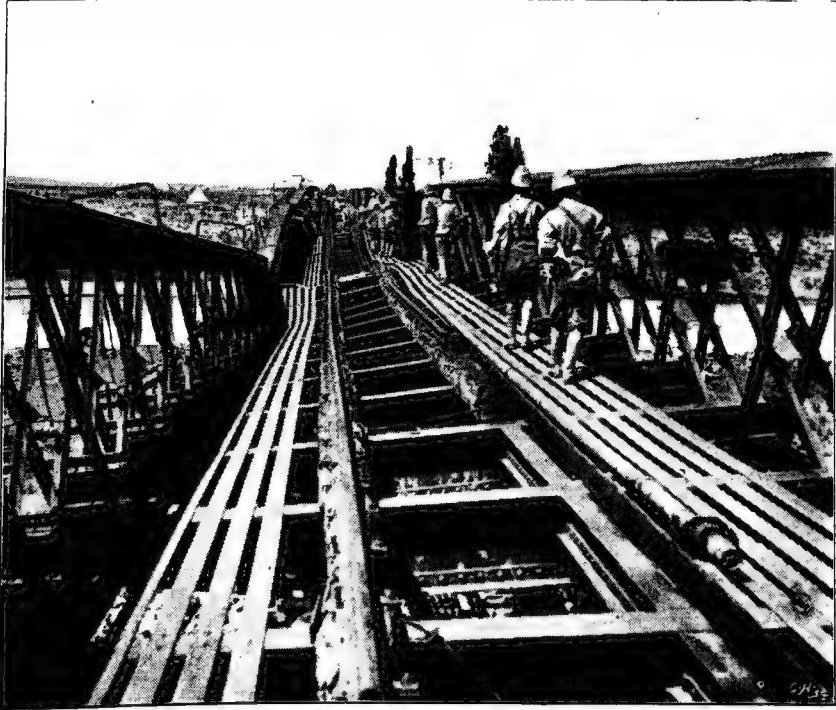
There are, of course, no sentry boxes with our men at the front, and the men have had to make shelter from the sun for those on guard duty. The result is a light, airy structure, which is a good protection from the heat even if it is not rain-proof. Another improvised article in the camp of the 5th Fusiliers is a gong made of a bit of rail. Our photograph is by Lieutenant A. C. Girdwood

AN IMPROVED SENTRY BOX



The scene here shown depicts the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers stacking stores on the Orange River for the supply of Lord Methuen's Kimberley Relief Column. Our photograph is by Captain R. S. Ferguson

A FATIGUE PARTY ON THE ORANGE RIVER



A correspondent writes that the crossing of the railway bridge at the Modder River is now more like a journey on a switchback railway. The bridge is badly bent and twisted, but it is possible to cross the river by it with great care. Our photograph is by Captain R. S. Ferguson

MODDER RIVER RAILWAY BRIDGE AFTER THE BOERS HAD BLOWN IT UP

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

Spion Kop Week

It will be long before we all forget the torturing suspense, the alternation of joy and mortification, connected with what may be called our Spion Kop week. On Thursday morning the papers announced that the coveted Kop had been duly seized, surprised, indeed, without any fighting; that Warren's men had held it all day—Wednesday—against a desperate attempt of the Boers to recover it with shell and bullet; that in doing this our



MAJOR-GEN. E. R. P. WOODGATE
Commander of the 9th Brigade, wounded at
Spion Kop.

troops had suffered "considerable casualties," including the dangerous wounding of General Woodgate; that "the men were splendid" (as, indeed, they always are); and that Warren deemed the enemy's position to be now untenable. Then down dropped the curtain once more, leaving us all in an agony of uncertainty as to the concluding scene of the act. On Friday morning came the sickening, cruelly curt announcement from General Buller that Warren's garrison of the Kop, after defending it desperately

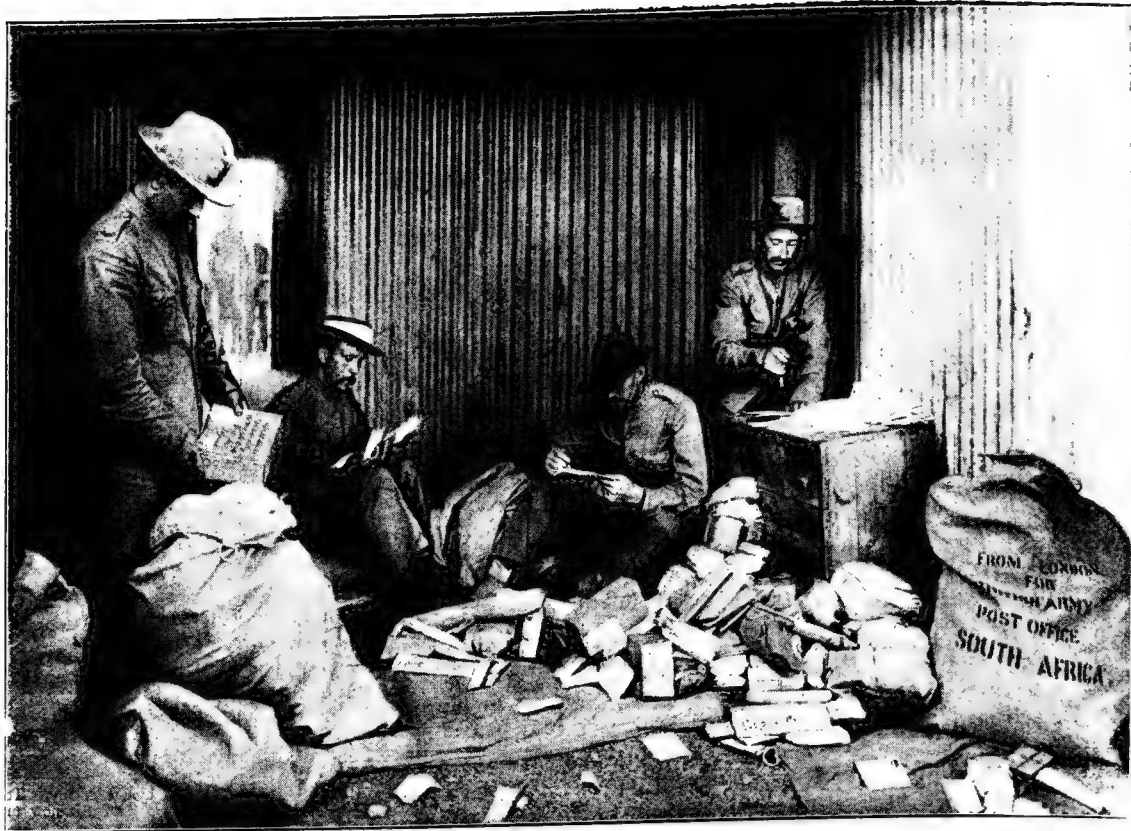
for a whole day, had abandoned it under cover of the darkness of the Wednesday night, and that thus the military situation had returned to the *status quo ante*. But it was not till Monday morning that we learned, full particulars and in the interval our hearts and heads were again racked with uncertainty as to what had been the fate of Warren's force in the interval. Had it renewed the attack on the Kop with redoubled fury, and been victorious or vanquished? Giving the go-by to the Kop, had it moved further round on the Boer right flank, and rolled it up, or been itself rolled up? Had there been an exchange of encouraging greetings between the guns of Warren and the guns of White, and had the garrison of the beleaguered Ladysmith been again restored to full rations as a consequence of the now imminent prospect of its relief? Had Dundonald's mounted infantry, venturing too far, been caught in a Boer trap, like the 18th Hussars at Talana Hill, and forced to capitulate?

A Brilliant Stand

As a matter of fact, not one of those things had happened, or anything in the least like them. Far from that. After a long and sharp ride in the crisp and cool early morning of Thursday, the 25th—a ride from his headquarters at Spearman's Camp, south of the Tugela, and across the pontoon bridge at Trichard's Drift, Buller reached Sir Charles Warren's Camp, in front of Spion Kop, at five a.m., and then he heard in detail the following brief story: First of all he learned that our period of surprises and illusions was not yet over, in spite of all the litter experience of our generals during the past four months of the war. Warren, it is true, had discovered that Spion Kop, in spite of the indications on some of the maps, was not on the west, but on the east side of Venter's Spruit. Yet the best of maps had given no clue to the area of the plateau on the summit of the Kop, and thus it befell that on reaching the top Warren's people discovered, to their dismay, that its circumference was too great to admit of effective defence. They further discovered, to their great astonishment, what they might well have discovered by a process of scientific reasoning before, that the summit of the Kop was but scantily provided with water, if, indeed, there was any at all, without which no man can continue to live, much less to fight. But, what was worse than all, the sides of the Kop from the British

side were found far too steep to allow of guns being dragged up, and without guns it was vain to think of holding the hill for any length of time in face of the terrific shell fire which was sure to be rained upon it by the Boers. Nevertheless, without water and without guns Warren's gallant men on the Kop opposed a stubbornly heroic resistance to the ensuing attack of the Boers, which they delivered with all the more doggedness and determination, as knowing full well that their British antagonists must at last give way for want of water, for want of guns, and, as it also turned out, for lack of ammunition, as at Majuba Hill and Nicholson's Nek. For a time, our bayonets supplied the place of our bullets; but though some of our battalions—notably, the 2nd Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), the 3rd King's Rifles, the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, and the 2nd Middlesex—to quote the eulogy of Buller himself—"magnificently maintained the best traditions of the British Army throughout the trying day," it was for a long time touch and go with the defenders of the hill, which, in the words of one chronicler, had become a perfect inferno of shell and bullet fire. The Boer accounts, which are always couched in a curiously florid and exaggerated style, spoke of our men as going down before the Mauser fire like grain before a scythe, and of some of them preferring surrender to resistance. Certainly, a considerable number of them are returned as "missing," but when darkness fell they were still in possession of the Kop, the Boers drawing off with intent to resume the desperate encounter with the dawn. But when day broke it was found by the enemy to have been evacuated by its defenders.

It is to be observed that the decision for a retrograde movement was very promptly taken. General Buller, as he stated in his despatch, had reached Sir C. Warren's camp at 5 a.m. on Thursday, and an hour later he had given the order to retreat—a swiftness of decision which can only have come from clearness of vision and a quick perception of all the eloquent and, indeed, overwhelming facts of the case. Sometimes there are circumstances in which the courage to retreat is of a higher kind than the courage to advance. Another General might have proved pigheaded, and launched his force to certain disaster; but Buller, with his cool perspicacity, chose to be prudent, and though his decision was of the negative kind, it entitled him to the recognition of his countrymen and the further confidence of his men.



The arrival bringing the Christmas mail was eagerly looked for by the men in Lord Methuen's force. When it arrived the sorting at the military Post Office was a hard task, there were so many letters for men who had fallen in battle.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS: SORTING THE MAILS AT MODDER RIVER

From a Photograph by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele

"I reached Sir C. Warren's camp at 5 a.m. on Jan. 25th, and decided that a second attack on Spion Kop would be that the enemy's right was too strong to allow me to. Accordingly I decided to withdraw the force to the south of Tugela. At 6 a.m. we commenced withdrawing the train. At 8 a.m., January 27, Sir Charles Warren's force was completely routed south of the Tugela without the loss of a man or a pound of stores."

What Next?

But what is he going to do with all his stores and all now that they are again all intact—all save those, of course, of Spion Kop, and the additional hundreds, comprising the officers, who have gone to the hospital—on the south of Tugela? Has he given up in despair the attempt to retake Ladysmith? Or will he wait for reinforcements and try another route, by the east this time instead of by the west? It would appear that, without reinforcements, Buller will find it impossible to break through the hitherto impregnable Boer lines of entrenchments between the Tugela and Ladysmith—impossible, reason of his inferiority of numbers and his deficiency in guns. It has doubtless now been borne in upon him that the true way to Ladysmith—as he himself was at first disposed to think, though he allowed himself at Cape Town to be over-persuaded in this matter—just as Sir George White yielded against his better judgment to the Governor of Natal with respect to the holding of Deception, was not to advance through Natal and across the Tugela, but to the Orange River and through the Free State to Bloemfontein, seeing that the imperilling of this capital must have had the effect of diverting to its defence the besiegers of Ladysmith. Is it now too late to do this after all? That entirely depends on the length of time for which Ladysmith can stand out. There is reason to believe that the garrison is at least provisioned till the end of February; but even when its time comes and its bread give out, has it not got within its bounds some 2,000 horses, which would enable it to live longer, repulsing the great Boer assault on January 6th, the brave defence of Ladysmith claimed to have rendered it impregnable. Therefore, we should all have less immediate apprehension on account if only we could feel assured that their stock of ammunition



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. FERGUSON AND F. C. HARRISON

BEER FOR THE MEN OF THE R.A.M.C.

Christmas Day has always been punctiliously observed in the Army, and every effort seems to have been made to render it a happy time for our soldiers in South Africa. The plum puddings sent out amounted to some tons. There is a touch of pathos in one of these illustrations, in that the sacks of plum puddings there shown were intended for the men of the 18th Hussars, who are at present prisoners in Pretoria. The other photograph shows men of the Royal Army Medical Corps seated round their cask of Christmas beer.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAUD HERBERT

PUDDINGS FOR THE CAPTURED HUSSARS

In South Africa beer is a luxury not to be had every day, and the men appreciated their Christmas fare all the more because their beer was a treat. There is no beer on a transport, and it is an expensive luxury for soldiers in South Africa, costing as much as seven shillings a bottle in some places. Many of the men had not tasted beer since they left these shores.

CHRISTMAS DAY WITH THE TROOPS IN PIETERMARITZBURG



THE LATE LIEUT. A. P. C. H. WADE
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE CAPTAIN C. WALTER
Killed on the Upper Tugela



THE LATE CAPTAIN F. MURRAY
Killed on the Upper Tugela



THE LATE LIEUTENANT OSBORNE
Killed on the Upper Tugela



THE LATE MAJOR A. J. J. ROSS
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE CAPTAIN M. W. KIRK
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE CAPTAIN C. L. MURIEL
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE CAPTAIN A. D. RAITT
Died of wounds received at Venter's Spruit



THE LATE CAPT. C. G. F. G. BIRCH
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE LIEUT. W. G. H. LAWLEY
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE LIEUT. H. G. FRENCH
BREWSTER
Killed on the Upper Tugela



THE LATE SEC. LIEUT. H. A. C. WILSON
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE SECOND LIEUTENANT D. B.
GORE BOOTH
Who died of enteric fever at Mooi River

OFFICERS KILLED IN SOUTH AFRICA

Victims of the War

their few naval guns, which are the only ordnance they have that can keep the Creusot "Long Toms" at bay, was relatively equal to the stock of vivres. If White can only hold out till the beginning of March, Joubert may have to raise the siege of Ladysmith in order to hasten to the relief of Bloemfontein, or at least detach thither so much of his investing force as to render it possible for the latter to be broken through.

There are signs, indeed, that such a result is now being aimed at by a altered strategy, and that Lord Roberts, reverting to the original plan of campaign which was mysteriously abandoned by him, is now preparing to push forward our main advance on the Orange River by the centre line of operations across the Orange River, a movement for which 60,000 men ought to be available. Lord Roberts, with part of his Sixth Division, or perhaps even the whole of it, is already at Thebus, on the connecting railway line between Rosmead Junction and Stormberg, and he will soon have a steady stream, and there are signs that none of those troops are to be sent to Natal, to judge, among other things, from the fact that two transports which were sent on to Durban are ordered to "out-ship" and return to Port Elizabeth.

Not only would Kelly-Kenny's advance in force across the Orange River relieve Ladysmith of just as much pressure as it brought on Bloemfontein, but it would probably also have the effect of causing the Boers to raise the siege of Mafeking—whose reported relief has not yet been confirmed—as well as of relieving the Boers of the 380 shells which were hurled so late as January 28. This was a most useless and extravagant expenditure of ammunition on the part of the Boers, if it be true, as credibly reported from Durban, that they were lately deprived of one of their chief sources of heavy gun supply by the blowing up of their shell factory at Johannesburg, which they had "commandeered" from an English firm, with its 80,000 worth of new machinery. Even for this comparatively small redeeming mercy we were thankful at the end of our Spion Kop week, which entailed upon us the heaviest losses we have yet suffered during our four first months of war—losses, in killed, wounded, and missing, which, completely stated, will probably amount to about 1,500 men.

Captain Charles Walter, of the 1st Battalion the Camerons, was killed in the fighting on the Upper Tugela River last week. He joined his regiment in 1892, was lieutenant in 1894, and received his captain's commission last year. Our portrait is by A. Debenham, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

Second Lieutenant Douglas Bloomfield Gore-Booth, who died of enteric fever at the Mooi River Camp on the 19th inst., was the only son of Colonel Gore-Booth, Royal Engineers, consulting engineer to the Secretary for Scotland. He was born on November 15, 1875, and was gazetted to the 2nd Battalion Dorset Regiment in December, 1896. Our portrait is by McIsaac and Riddle, Oban.

Captain Arthur Douglas Raitt, of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal West Surrey Regiment, who was wounded in the fighting at Venter's Spruit, and has now died from his wounds, had just completed his thirty-first year, and had seen nearly ten years' service. He was born on January 10, 1869, entered the Army from the Militia as a second lieutenant on June 28, 1890, and received his lieutenant's commission on December 15, 1891, and his captaincy on September 13, 1898. Our portrait is by C. Knight, Aldershot.

Captain Fergus Murray, of the 2nd Battalion the Camerons (Scottish Rifles), was killed in the recent fighting on the Upper Tugela. He joined his regiment in 1889, and got his captaincy in 1897. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Lieutenant H. G. French-Brewster, of the 3rd Battalion the King's Royal Rifle Corps, was killed in the recent fighting on the Upper Tugela. He only joined his regiment in October of last year. Our portrait is by A. Bassano, Old Bond Street.

Lieutenant William George Hodgson Lawley, who was killed at Spion Kop, was twenty-six years of age. He was at University College, Oxford, from 1893 to 1897, when he obtained a com-

mission in the 2nd Battalion Middlesex Regiment. Our portrait is by H. Edmunds Hull, Holland Park Avenue.

Captain C. G. F. G. Birch, of the 1st South Lancashire Regiment, who was killed in the engagement at Spion Kop on January 24, joined his regiment from the Militia nineteen years ago. Born thirty-three years since, he was the son of Colonel Charles Birch, of Lymington Grange, Devon, late Colonel commanding the 4th Battalion of the North Lancashire Regiment. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Lieutenant Arthur P. C. H. Wade, who was killed in the fighting at Spion Kop, had been in the Royal Lancaster Regiment eight years, and was in his thirtieth year. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Captain Maurice W. Kirk, who was killed at Spion Kop, entered the Royal Lancaster Regiment from the Militia in 1887. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Captain C. L. Muriel, of the 2nd Middlesex Regiment, who was killed at Spion Kop, had been in the Army since the beginning of 1887, and on promotion to captain became the adjutant of his regiment. Our portrait is by Ball, Regent Street.

Major Archibald J. J. Ross, of the 2nd Lancaster Regiment, who was killed at Spion Kop, was forty-one years of age, and had seen nearly twenty-two years' military service without having been previously engaged. He became major in 1894, and he was for several years adjutant of Volunteers. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Lieutenant Osborne, who was killed in the fighting on the Upper Tugela, joined the 2nd Camerons in November, 1895. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Lieutenant H. A. C. Wilson, who was killed at Spion Kop, only recently joined the 2nd Middlesex. Our portrait is by Hills and Saunders, Eton.



CAPTAIN O. MOSLEY LEIGH
(Mid-Cheshire Contingent)



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. K. MITFORD
(Commanding 11th Battalion)



CAPTAIN GORDON WOOD
(Shropshire Contingent)



CAPTAIN PARKIN
(Westmoreland and Cumberland Contingent)



MAJOR MAXWELL SHERSTON
(North Somerset Contingent)



CAPTAIN KENNETH R. BALFOUR
(Adjutant 11th Battalion)



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL F. C. MERRICK
(Commanding 5th Battalion)



CAPTAIN J. B. GILLIAT
(Herts Contingent)



MAJOR R. F. FRENCH-GASCOIGNE
(1st Yorkshire Contingent)



MAJOR ORR EWING
(Warwickshire Contingent)



CAPTAIN H. C. DUGDALE
(Derbyshire Contingent)



SIR SIMFON H. L. STUART
(Staff Captain)



CAPTAIN J. B. SEELEY
(Isle of Wight Contingent)




CAPTAIN R. B. FIRMAN
(2nd Middlesex Contingent)




CAPTAIN H. W. HARRIS
(West Somerset Contingent)




MAJOR H. S. DALBIAC
(1st Middlesex Contingent)




CAPTAIN CLAUDE L. MARKS
(2nd East Kent Contingent)




COLONEL G. C. RICARDO, J.P.
(Berkshire Contingent)




CAPTAIN T. E. HARRISON, M.H.F.
(Leicestershire Contingent)



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LORD CHESHAM
(Commanding 10th Battalion)




COLONEL ARTHUR VISCOUNT VALENTIA
(Assistant Adjutant-General)




MAJOR H. LEROY-LEWIS
(Hants Contingent)




CAPTAIN CHARLES R. J. DUKE OF
MARLBOROUGH
(Staff Captain)



MAJOR THE HON. W. L. BAGOT
(Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General)




MAJOR R. T. HERMON-HODGE, M.P.
(Oxfordshire Contingent)




MR. ARTHUR FRIPP
Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales
(Senior Surgeon Yeomanry Base Hospital)


OFFICERS OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY FOR SOUTH AFRICA




CAPTAIN ORR, R.A.
(Transport Officer)



CAPTAIN C. W. BERKELEY
(3rd London)



CAPTAIN A. REID
(1st V.B. Middlesex)



LIEUT.-COL. AND HON. COLONEL H. C.
CHOLMONDELEY
(London Rifle Brigade)

OFFICERS OF THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS

The Yeomanry Past, Present, and Future

AFTER many long years of public indifference to its well-being, that mounted supplement to the Militia, which first came into existence about a century ago, has awoke to find itself the object of effusive appreciation. Just as the Volunteer movement started into renewed life under the menace of possible French invasion, so the "Yeomanry Cavalry," long previously, owed its birth to the same sort of impulse. In both instances, too, it was a Napoleon whose threatening restlessness and aggressiveness caused peace-loving citizens to acquire training as fighting men. There is this farther similarity between the Volunteers and the Yeomanry—neither can be sent abroad without their own free consent. In some minor respects, however, the two organisations differ; while the Yeomanry may be lawfully called upon to aid the civil power in suppressing dangerous commotions—that help was effectively rendered during the Reform Riots at Bristol—the Volunteers are not legally available for such purposes. The mounted citizen-soldier has, furthermore, to equip himself with a horse, and it is, no doubt, this obligation which has mainly caused the force to dwindle away to such comparatively small proportions. Times are changed since English farmers could afford to keep hunters both for themselves and for their stalwart sons, and as it was from this section of the population that the "Yeomanry Cavalry"—the original title—was first raised, the slight brought on British agriculture by the abolition of the Corn Laws necessarily caused a continuous shrinkage of recruits. Whatever its demerits, Protection unquestionably provided the kingdom with a large force of excellent horsemen, who could ride straight to hounds, no matter how difficult the country, and who cost the State nothing beyond its outlay on their arms, ammunition and part of their clothing. Although not equal to the Regular Cavalry in all-round military efficiency, there is historic evidence to

prove that had "Boney's" army of invasion contrived to elude Nelson's vigilance, its cavalry would have found the British Yeomanry exceedingly tough customers. Big, strong, well-nourished men, sitting their fine horses like Centaurs, and full of patriotic fervour, they needed only a little more military training to make them as fine a mounted force as any general could desire to command for home defence.

The title "Yeomanry," by which the force has been known since its creation, is somewhat a misnomer. Properly speaking, a yeoman is a petty landowner, who farms his own patrimonial acres and subsists on their produce. As a cultivator, he is, of course, a farmer, but the modern acceptance of that term applies it to professional agriculturists who hire land from other people. The yeomen rarely did that, except when it happened to square with their interests to round off their own land by tenancing an adjacent field or two. Proud men and disdainful of upstarts as of commercial folks and townsmen generally, they were peculiarly sensitive about social status, considering themselves on the same level of gentleness as the squirearchy. Many of them could trace back their descent for centuries in an unbroken line, and they would point with pride to the family's having been seated on its little estate throughout the whole period. A few of these brave souls still linger in Cumberland and some other Northern counties, where they are known as "statesmen." But for the most part the "survival of the fittest" has caused their disappearance as an element of British society; they set their faces sternly against new ways, and the new ways just rolled on and inexorably crushed them under the car of progress.

The Yeomanry, although it was christened after this fine, old burly race of impracticables, had few, if any of them, among either its original or subsequent constituents. History records that it was composed, in the first instance, of the landed gentry and well-to-do tenant farmers, to whom the expense entailed by joining this force was a matter of no consequence. Stories are told of how freely money was spent by these patriotic horsemen during the six days of annual training. Balls and other festivities took place nightly,

and if any Yeoman chanced to tumble off the morning after an exceptionally lively evening, his comrades were not slow to twit him with having indulged too freely overnight. Sharp was the rivalry between local towns for the profitable honour of providing facilities for the annual training; long-enduring feuds sometimes resulted. But there is plenty of evidence that the force collectively had attained a large degree of military efficiency, and had even acquired the character of a social influence when the abolition of the Corn Laws produced total change in the economic condition of both the classes, the landed gentry and the tenant farmers from whom its gallant and convivial ranks were chiefly recruited.

The disastrous effect of the substitution of Free Trade for Protection did not, however, become fully manifest for a considerable period. Trusting that the bad times of which they had a taste would somehow pass away, squires and farmers adhered to the accustomed methods of high living, and clung tenaciously to the force of which they were proud to be members. It was a gallant fight against circumstances, but of no avail in the long run; sharp economies had to be practised, and among these was the replacement of hunters by more profitable animals. The squires, too, found themselves under compulsion to either cease or largely diminish their contributions towards maintenance, and the costly glorifications which erst accompanied the annual training sometimes acquired a dull and perfunctory character. Finally, recruiting became so difficult that the full numerical strength of the Yeomanry could not be maintained, almost every year witnessing further shrinkage of its attenuated ranks. In 1793 the total numerical strength was 40,000; without the new additions, the present strength is less than one-fourth.

Such, in brief, is the genesis of the military body which, during the last three or four weeks, has started to life like a giant refreshed by long slumber. Perhaps, however, it would be more accurate to call it the stem on which British patriotism proposes to graft cuttings capable of yielding other and finer fruit. As yet there are four of these grafts, and each promises to become eminently successful in its

particular line. First, we have the Imperial Yeomanry, composed partly of volunteers from the old force and partly of civilians. When Lord Chesham launched the scheme, he imagined that at the most not more than 3,000 good men and true would join. But it soon became clear to him that he had underrated popular enthusiasm for maintaining British supremacy in South Africa, and the number was consequently enlarged to 10,000. Some hitch seems to have subsequently occurred; just when the recruiting machinery in London was drawing in additional men, of the best quality, by the hundred, announcement was made that it would cease to operate, as every Yeomanry regiment had already got the full "unit"—115 men—which it was entitled to include in its strength. But between 4,000 and 5,000 recruits had been accepted before the door was so roughly shut, and it may be hoped that before this instalment embarks the London machinery will be set in motion again. The second and third sections of the new organisation also bear the designation of Imperial Yeomanry, but they differ both from the main body and from one another in some material respects. Recruits for the second section must be of good social position, fair education, and gentle birth; Mr. George Paget, its originator, conceived the idea that there must be many young gentlemen who would be delighted to fight the Boers, provided their doing so did not involve either serious expense or constant and intimate association with men of rougher habits and less refinement. The third section, promoted by Lord Donoughmore, also insists on social status of a superior sort, but differs from the second in placing the entire cost of equipment, transport to the Cape, and maintenance while there, on the recruits themselves. There is a fourth section only launched this week, to be composed of gentlemen now resident in England who have personal knowledge of South Africa. So quickly did this last scheme catch on that a couple of troops are already raised, and all who have seen the men consider them just the sort to make excellent scouts, the purpose for which this section is mainly intended.

As regards qualifying tests of physical fitness, there is no difference whatever between the four sections. Whether a recruit elects for the one or the other, he must first satisfy a medical expert that he is absolutely sound from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head. There must not be a suspicion of weakness anywhere; that is a *sine quâ non*, and very numerous



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

In his letter to the *Morning Post*, published on January 4, Mr. Winston Churchill gives a full and vivid description of his escape from the State Model Schools, where he was imprisoned. He writes:—"The dinner-bell sounded. Choosing my opportunity, I strolled across the quadrangle and secreted myself in one of the offices. Through a chink I watched the sentries. For half an hour they remained stolid and obstructive. Then, all of a sudden, one turned and walked up to his comrade. They began to talk. Their backs were turned. Now or never, I darted out of my hiding-place, and ran to the wall, seized the top with my hands, and drew myself up. Twice I let myself down again in sickly hesitation, and then with a third resolve scrambled up. The top was flat. Lying on it I had one parting glimpse of the sentries still talking, still with their backs turned—but, I repeat, fifteen yards away. Then I lowered myself silently down into the adjoining garden, and crouched among the shrubs. I was free."

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S ESCAPE FROM PRETORIA: SCALING THE PRISON WALL

Mr. Winston Churchill's Escape from Pretoria

We have received some sketches from Mr. Winston Churchill, illustrating his escape from Pretoria, and, by the courtesy of the *Morning Post*, we are enabled to reproduce drawings made from the to quote from the interesting letter which Mr. Churchill sent to that paper. We need not do more than recall the fact that Mr. Winston Churchill was taken prisoner by the Boers on the occasion of the disaster to the armoured train near Estcourt. Taken to Pretoria with other prisoners he was placed in the State Model Schools. Mr. Churchill describes the building, and tells how he and other fellow prisoners laid plans to make their escape after they found their sentries to be inert. The two prisoners determined to make their attempt on the night of December 11. When the dinner-bell sounded on that night Mr. Churchill secreted himself and remained watching the sentries for an hour. All that time they remained "stolid and obstructive." Then all of a sudden one turned and walked up to his comrade and they began to talk, whereupon Mr. Churchill darted from his hiding-place, ran to the wall, scaled it, and dropped down the other side.

Then he waited for his companion. The garden in which he found himself he had discovered belonged to an empty house, but it was full of people, and one man walked in the garden within ten yards of the unhappy fugitive, who expected every minute to be discovered. Presently he went away with another who had joined him, and our hero breathed again. But where was his companion? Suddenly from within the quadrangle of the Schools came a voice, "All right, the sentries were suspicious, and Mr. Churchill had to go alone, for it was impossible to return." He made up his mind he took a bold step. He strolled into the middle of the garden, walked to the windows of the house, and so went through the gate. He passed within five yards of the sentries unchallenged, and found himself at large in Pretoria. By degrees he found his way to the railway. Reaching the line, he crouched by the track and waited. Presently a goods train came along. Among these he burrowed and concealed himself. There he fell asleep. At daybreak he crawled from his hiding-place and sat upon the couplings. Waiting his chance he leapt from the train and fell sprawling into a ditch. Concealing himself among some trees, he lay there waiting for night to come. His sole companion was a vulture, "who manifested an extravagant interest in his condition, and made hideous and ominous gurglings from time to time." His situation became desperate when at one time a Boer came and fired two shots at birds close by. However, no harm came, and at length the long-looked-for dusk arrived. But no train came, and Mr. Churchill began to despair. For six hours he kept tramping on. Every now and then he had to leave the line because the bridges were all guarded, and there were gangers' huts every few miles. At length, however, he went no further, being tired out and well-nigh starving. After that day, he rested by day and tramped by night. By the fifth day he had reached Middleburg, and on the sixth he boarded another train, again concealed himself in a truck, and so reached Delagoa Bay, where he took ship for Durban.



THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE COMMANDING THE INFANTRY OF THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS

From a Photograph by W. Gregory and Co.'s Strand

have been the rejections consequent upon strict enforcement of that governing condition. Having successfully passed through this initial ordeal, the candidate is next called upon to prove his capacity as a horseman under the searching eye of some cavalry riding master. As leaping over hurdles and other traps for inexperienced riders are included in the examination, it is not very surprising that a considerable few get no farther towards the goal of their hopes. But more still break down at the final test, that of marksmanship. It is said that many first-rate shots over stubble or in covert have made quite miserable shooting with the rifle through their having had no previous experience with the weapon. It will be seen, from this summary, that the Government cannot be charged, at all events, with allowing the halt, the lame, or the blind to enter the Imperial Yeomanry. Every endeavour is made to insure the nation's getting good money's worth and something over, nor can there be the least question that if the Imperial Yeomanry could be induced to remain in South Africa after the termination of the war, either in part or in whole, a better or a more efficient garrison could hardly be desired. But be the future of this fine force what it may, all will wish well to its members for the splendid alacrity with which they responded to the trumpet-call of patriotism.

"THE DAILY GRAPHIC"

OF

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7th,

WILL CONTAIN A

FOUR PAGE SUPPLEMENT OF

REPRODUCTIONS OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF
EVENTS IN THE WAR,

Sent by the DAILY GRAPHIC's own Photographer.

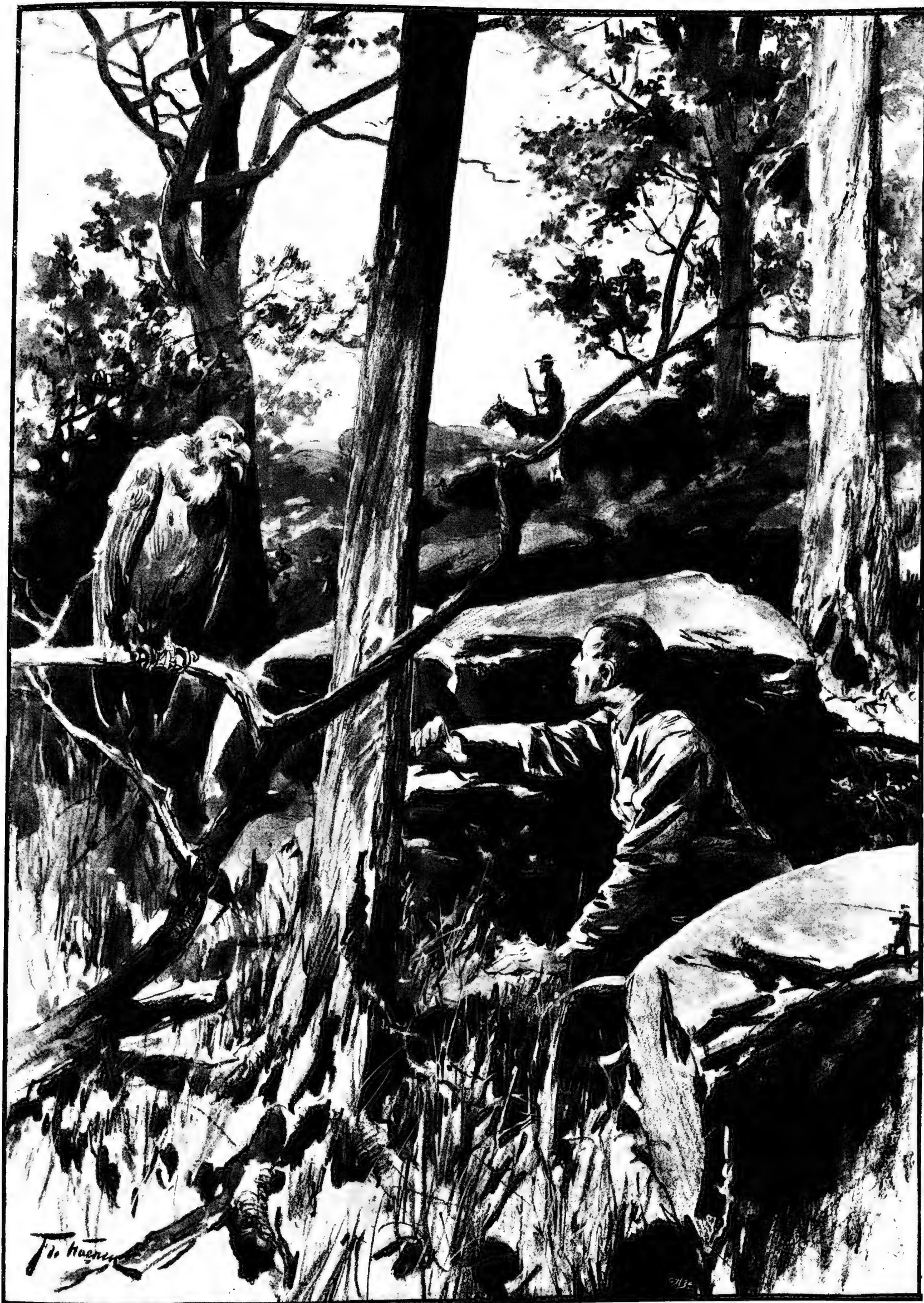


DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

In his interesting letter giving a full account of his escape, published in the *Morning Post*, January 24, Mr. Churchill, in describing how he boarded a goods train outside Pretoria, writes:—"The train started slowly, but gathered speed sooner than I had expected. The flaring lights drew swiftly near. The rattle grew into a roar. The dark mass hung for a second above me. The engine-driver silhouetted against his furnace glow, the black profile of the engine, the clouds of steam rushed past. Then I hurled myself on the trucks, clutched at something, missed, clutched again, missed again, grasped some sort of handhold, was swung off my feet—my toes bumping on the line—and with a struggle seated myself on the couplings of a truck. It was a goods train, and the trucks were full of sacks, soft sacks covered with coal dust. I crawled on top and burrowed in among them. In five minutes I was completely buried."

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S ESCAPE FROM PRETORIA: LOADING THE GOODS TRAIN



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A SKETCH BY WINSTON CHURCHILL, BY THE COURTESY OF THE PROPRIETOR OF THE "MORNING POST"

After leaping from the goods train which he had boarded just outside Pretoria, Mr. Winston Churchill set out for the hills to find some hiding-place. "As it became daylight," he writes in the full account of his escape published in the *Morning Post*, on January 24, "I entered a small group of trees which grew on the side of a deep ravine. Here I resolved to wait till dark. I had one consolation; no one in the world knew where I was—I did not know myself. It was now four o'clock. Fourteen hours lay between me and the night. My impatience to proceed doubled their length. At first it was terribly cold, but by

degrees the sun gained power, and by ten o'clock the heat was oppressive. My sole companion was a gigantic vulture, who manifested an extravagant interest in my condition, and made hideous and ominous gurglings from time to time. During the day I ate one slab of chocolate, which, with the heat, produced a violent thirst. The pool was scarcely half a mile away, but I dare not leave the shelter of the little wood, for I could see the figures of white men riding or walking occasionally across the valley, and once a lion came and fired two shots at birds close to my hiding-place. But no one discovered me."

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S ESCAPE FROM PRETORIA: WAITING FOR THE NIGHT TO COME



DRAWN BY J. HASSALL

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT R. S. FERGUSON

The stream of refugees, both white and black, from the two Dutch Republics has taxed Cape Colony very considerably. The problem what to do with a sudden influx of strangers has been largely met by the

generosity of loyal colonists and by help from this country. The pathos of the condition of these unfortunate people is increased by the fact that their sufferings are shared by numbers of children

LITTLE REFUGEES: A SCENE AT ORANGE RIVER STATION



DRAWN BY ARTHUR GARRATT

FROM A SKETCH BY MARY E. BUTLER

A correspondent writes:—"A train full of troops on their way to Ladysmith drew up at Zwartkop Station the other day, and the girls and mistresses of a large school close by came down to the railway waving flags and handkerchiefs to the soldiers. Other people gave them tobacco and other luxuries. The native servants

did their part in cheering vociferously. Zwartkop Station lies at the foot of the mountain of that name, and is about four miles from Maritzburg."

A COLONIAL WELCOME TO BRITISH TROOPS: A SCENE AT ZWARTKOP STATION



'On the face of a brae some three hundred yards from the farmhouse his daughter Bell appeared, in the broad light of day, unblasted by the lightnings of Heaven, calmly walking towards him with a young man on either side of her'

THE FITTING OF THE PEATS

By S. R. CROCKETT. Illustrated by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

CHAPTER I.

THE BONNET LAIRD

NINIAN MAC LURG, Laird of Millwharchar, in the hill country Galloway, took off his broad blue bonnet and wiped his brow. It was customary for lairds at that time to wear broad-brimmed hats which came from Edinburgh or even as far as London, according to the standing of their territorial sasine upon the rolls of the county sheriff.

But there are lairds and lairds, bonnets and bonnets. So Ninian Mac Lurg wore a blue broad-piece almost as heavy as a steel cap, with a checked band of red and white Rob Roy tartan and a round top of brightest scarlet on the top, which to the initiate meant that the headgear had been manufactured no farther away than a marmock in the neighbouring shire of Ayr. The Laird of Millwharchar's bonnet was no mere common bonnet, new coat from the shop of Rob Morrison on the Plainstones of Dumfries. It did not do the beholder with the brilliance of its checked pattern. No feathery cocked recklessly at an angle upon its right side, as was too much the fashion among the unhallowed young callants who ruled the country side after the lasses.

No—many times no, indeed. Ninian Mac Lurg's bonnet was a serious, responsible piece of headgear, well befitting its wearer. Generally it was drawn firmly down on either side until the hand touched the tips of the wearer's ears. It was worn saggedly, belligerently, almost insolently. For that was the way in which Ninian Mac Lurg wore all his garments, till even when lying upon a chair by his box-bed at nights they seemed able and strong at any moment to expound the catechism, contradict an opinion upon any subject by whomsoever advanced, or to deal either with a licensed night-raker or Episcopalian dissenter a most discomfiting buffet on the side of his head for the good of his soul.

Ninian Mac Lurg was looking for his daughter Bell. He had

three other younger daughters and two sons, but somehow Bell took more looking after than all the others.

"The de'il's in the lassie," was his unpaternal way of explaining and denouncing this fact. "I declare I canna gang to the house o' God on the Lord's great day but it's 'Where's Mistress Bell?' 'What for brocht ye no Miss Isobel wi' ye, Laird?'—as if the feckless helical lassie had been the minister himsel'!"

But after all there is no accounting for taste, and so the matter stood. Then not only was this strange popularity of his daughter a trouble to the Laird at kirk or market; it was equally troublesome when he abode on his own acres.

Two stout sons he had, Alec and John by name, who laboured all day at plough and flail to satisfy their father, but at the gloaming went off on their own visitations at other farm towns, where the gloom was less pronounced than within the sphere of influence dominated by the severe Laird of Millwharchar.

"The man that shall tak' daughter o' mine frae about the hoose," he was wont to proclaim loud enough to be heard between kirk-door and market cross, "maun hae three hunder pound o' coined siller and three hunder acres o' good plow land besides. He shall satisfy me upon three points o' doctrine according to the Presbyterian standards of our faith, and lastly he shall stand up to me, Ninian Mac Lurg, with a stieve cudgel of oak in his fist, and therewith he shall break my head. Then after that I will speak with him in the gate concerning my daughter."

All the same Bell Mac Lurg took a good deal of the trouble inseparable from the task of finding such a paragon out of the laird's hands; and used her fine eyes so resolutely and to such purpose among the faithful on Sabbath mornings at the Kirk, that young bloods from distant parishes, who for years had systematically neglected the stated assembling of themselves together, became constant and devout attenders upon ordinances at the Kirk of Dullarg. Moreover some curious and recondite motive induced them to congregate along the west wall—a spot not much in favour with

the general body of the faithful, inasmuch as not only was it hot in summer and cold and draughty in winter, but what was worse—from the seats along the west wall one could not watch the minister's movements during time of sermon, nor yet make certain that on the top of the shut pulpit Bible there was not room for the most microscopic of written "notes." All the same these highly undesirable benches were now generally better filled than the rest of the kirk. And it has really nothing to do with the matter to add that the square black-lettered pew of the Mac Lurgs was placed at the lower angle of the west wall, and that Bell Mac Lurg never passed a sprig of thyme or sleep-dispelling southernwood to her sisters without having a whole battery of admiring eyes directed upon her movements.

One famous Lord's Day as Ninian Mac Lurg opened the small pew door to marshal his family in before him, he stopped suddenly aghast. All four seats were piled high with branches of sweet-scented "siddewood," and as the laird said afterwards, "What with flowering thyme and other playactin' trash the decent Millwharchar pew was steaming like a haystack that had heated."

Ninian Mac Lurg was not, however, a man without common sense. He had been, as the country side expressed it, a "gye boy" in his youth—which, being interpreted, meant that he had had some repute of wildness before the arrival of that inward grace which in the Bonnet Laird had now so entirely gained the mastery over original sin and actual transgression.

The Laird of Millwharchar, casting back into his own unhallowed youth, instantly divined whence the "rubbish" had come, and correctly estimated its meaning and purport. With a haughty gesture of his left hand he kept his family, as it were, at bay, while he entered the square "seat." Then, with an action exactly like a binder on the harvest-field, he took up the southernwood, the thyme, and yet rarer growths in his arms, pressed them into small compass, and strode with them to the bench along the west wall, which was already filled with the bachelordom, eligible or

otherwise, of three parishes. Then, like to a sower on a windy day, he swept his mighty arm along the astonished row—and lo, their offerings to Venus, as one might say, the frankincense and mixed spices and myrrh were scattered in the very faces of those who had brought them to the temple. Thereafter Ninian Mac Lurg passed slowly down the west wall with his oaken staff in his hand ("thick as a bullock's hind leg," said Rob Gregory of the Bereland), and he lit a moment under every young man's nose, giving him ample time to inhale the perfume of its polished knobs and sinewy compacted strength.

After that the western wall was more thickly populous than ever with daring and worshipful swains, but the Millwharchar "box-seat" remained for ever empty, and swept—but wholly ungarnished.

"Bell—Bell Mac Lurg—oh, ye besom, wait till I lay hands on ye! The kye are yet on the hill. 'Tis not an hour to milking time! The lads are wanting their suppers, and gin ye dinna come, ye'll miss the wor-ship o' God—and I'll daud the head aff ye, my lass!"

This comprehensive denunciation Ninian addressed to the waving broom and nodding gowans of the "park" pastures which lay like a bright green fringe outside the gardens and orchards of Millwharchar. But only the girdling woods of Larbrax and his own white barn wall gave back the echo.

Thwarted outside, Ninian Mac Lurg went into the house, and relieved his feelings by subjecting his younger daughters to wholesome spiritual discipline. Then, being sore by reason of Bell's impudent evasion, he yet further regained his self-respect by going to the hayfield in order to tell Alec and John that they were lazy good-for-nothings, who would not sleep that night with whole bones unless they worked twice as hard as they had been doing.

But these projects, agreeable and delightful as they appeared, were instantly banished by a sight which fairly dumbfounded the Laird of Millwharchar.

On the face of a brae some three hundred yards from the farmhouse his daughter Bell appeared, in the broad light of day, unblasted by the lightnings of heaven, calmly walking towards him with a young man on either side of her.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST FITTING OF THE PEATS

THIS is how it happened. As usual in such cases it was in no sense the lady's fault.

Bell Mac Lurg had gone out to the moor avowedly to "fit" such peats as had been drying on the heather, after being carried out of the "face," or wet bank of fibrous fuel, from which her father's strong arms had cut and "cast" them. It was a hot day, so Bell took with her a white summer bonnet of linen framed on wire, the materials for which she had bought out of her butter-money last Rood Fair—without, however, thinking it necessary to consult her father on the transaction. It was a becoming article of attire, but nevertheless the lady wore it mostly in her hand, or drooping over her shoulders by the strings.

Isobel Mac Lurg arrived at the peat-moss in due time, and sat down to recover herself upon a convenient tussock of dry heather, when she saw an apparition strange to be discerned in that wild place—that is, save and except when Mistress Bell by chance wandered thither. A tall young man was coming over the moss towards her.

Bell Mac Lurg shaded her brow with her bonnet. She did not need to lift it very high in order to do this, for the sun was already quickening his pace for the final plunge beneath the horizon.

"It cannot be Will Begbie," she mused, "Will is not so slender, and he always comes through the wood at any rate. It cannot be Allan of the Hill. He walks too fast for Allan. It must be someone new, someone I do not know. How interesting that will be! But ought I to have ventured so far away from home? My father says that there are some of my Lord Dalmarnock's rebels lurking in the moss-hags yet! Shall I run home?"

She rose to her feet and killed her coats with a pretty action of her hands at either side her already attenuated kirtle.

"No, I will not," she said, "upon second thought; he does not look like a rebel—from a distance, that is!" Then she fell on her knees and began to "fit" the peats with the most intense and abstracted concentration, added to many turnings of her head to this side and that, besides divers pauses, finger on lip, to consider abstruse problems of architecture, drying, and ventilation.

"It seems a difficult job, this which engrosses you so entirely, Madam," said a voice close behind her. "Pardon me for inquiring if I can be of any assistance to you?"

Bell rose instantly to her feet with a little cry and—yes, explain it who will—the blushful colour of an infinite surprise mustered most becomingly upon her neck and cheeks. She could not have looked more astonished if the speaker had suddenly dropped from the new moon, which, like a blown leaf of autumn, floated already high above the horizon.

"I have startled you," said the newcomer, regretfully; "pray pardon me. I should be more sorry than I can say to discompose so fair a maiden."

In the first burst of surprise, Bell had placed one hand on her breast below her throat, as if to recover herself—Eve's attitude when Adam caught her that first time looking at the apple. Then she put her other hand up beside it with charming unconsciousness of her pose, and looked at him through her mantling eyelashes.

He was tall—taller even than she had thought when she diagnosed him from Will Begbie. He was, as it seemed at a first glance, somewhat shabbily dressed, yet he wore every article with such

distinction, that, as Bell put it to herself, after "a little you came quite to think him better put on than my Lord Queensberry himself." He was a young man—but yet not so very young either, a little on the shady side of thirty perhaps. But his face was so pale and thin that he looked older than his years, and when he took the military hat with its binding of tarnished gold lace off his head, Bell could see a frosting of early grey at his temples. His surcoat, unbuttoned all the way down the front, and dotted irregularly with gold buttons or the threads which had once attached them to it, was also white—or rather had once been white. The undercoat, belted easily at the waist, had likewise, doubtless, at the same time been red. It was still faced with gold lace, and had large silk pockets, from one of which the ear of a dead hare projected with a curious suggestion of listening to what was going on.

But by this time Bell had quite recovered herself. A brief, comprehensive glance, at once reproachful, playful, tragic, and coquettish, had told her all that the pen has been able to pack into a longish paragraph. She decided that she would not be frightened any more—for the present, that is.

"And please, sir, who are you?" she asked, looking up again at the man in the white coat with the straggling gold buttons.

The young man laughed, and before answering glanced about him uneasily as if looking for someone.

"Glennmorison would never give me if he knew I had told you, but I am called Adam Home!"

"How strange I never had one—I mean I never knew anyone of that name," said Bell, instantly. "It must be very awkward."

"And why awkward?" queried Adam Home, smiling down at this pretty rustic who yet spoke so like a lady.

"Because," said Bell slowly, "if there were anyone you liked very much—anyone who liked you, that is, there is no nice 'little name' for them to call you by."

She seemed to turn the whole subject of this second transgression of Adam over in her mind. Then she shook that small dark head of hers with the scarlet snood bound low about it, so vigorously that one or two crisp brown ringlets escaped from that slender band as gladly as children getting loose from school.

"No," she repeated emphatically, "it would not be nice at all!"

Adam Home stood smiling before her, his hat still in his hand.

"And may I ask what names fulfil these severe conditions sufficiently to be eligible for your favour?"

"Why," said Bell to herself, "I declare he talks like Fontinbras, in that book I hide from father, writ by Mistress Aphra Something or other."

But aloud she said, "Well, I like William, though it is common, but Charles and Francis are best of all. Willie, Charlie, and Frank are so sweet to say!"

And she looked as if she had experience of them all.

The young man bowed.

"I am fortunate enough to be able to oblige you with two of these. My full name happens to be Adam Charles Francis Charteris Home!"

"You are not deceiving me!" she said, looking up at him with an innocence which added without words, "for I could not possibly deceive you!"

"On my honour, no!" he cried, with a quick rebound from the somewhat formal gravity of demeanour he had hitherto observed. "I would not attempt to deceive one on whose countenance Nature has marked both sweetness of disposition and trustful innocence, in addition to a delicate beauty all its own."

"Lord, Lord," cried the girl, clapping her hands, "it is wonderful! How well you know me, and without ever setting eye on me before!"

But if Mr. Home of the many prenomens had been at all an observant man he would have noticed a very roguish smile lurking about the corners of Mistress Bell's mouth, which might have caused him to modify at least one clause of his somewhat flowery eulogium.

But at that moment his eyes were ranging the heather and trying to pierce into the dark woods which edged the Millwharchar Moss to the eastward.

CHAPTER III.

PRETTY MISTRESS BELL.

"You do not ask me my name—it must be because you know it already," said Bell, who did not approve of young men looking over her head at fine scenery, still less as if they were looking out for someone else. It was a trait of male character to which she had been little accustomed. So to the spoilt little beauty this grave young man with his stately periods, his tantalising errant eyes, his tarnished clothes, and his noble bearing, was like a spur in the flank of a mettlesome steed.

Adam Home's eyes returned slowly to his pretty companion's, lingering by the way on hillock and hollow with a sedulous and anxious regard.

"Nay," he said, "but indeed I know not your name! Will you tell me to whom I have the honour of speaking?"

"Is it not usual for gentlemen to ascertain that first, before speaking at all?" said Bell tartly enough.

At this Master Adam Home started as if a wasp had stung him.

"By Heaven, you are right, madam," he said, lifting his hat ceremoniously; "still I think the circumstances may plead for me. This is, if I mistake not, Millwharchar Moor, and these brown shaggy hillocks at the back are denominated Lamachan and the Black Craig of Dee."

Bell inclined her head, hoping that if he went on in such language as that she might be preserved from smiling too obviously. But she replied gravely enough: "Indeed they are, and the effort to denom—I cannot mind that most excellent word—proves you a Scot and a countryman. It is as good as an introduction at the Assembly Rooms of the town of Edinburgh. If it please your Highness" (she made him a low curtsy), "I am nominate—thank you, denominate—Bell, or otherwise Isobel Mac Lurg, eldest surviving daughter of Ninian, Laird of Millwharchar."

The young man bowed again, with yet more humble and respectful observance.

"Mistress Isobel," he said, "I come to you with something more

than the commonplaces of introduction. Your kindness or cruelty may mean my life or death. So fair a lady must needs in this amorous country of ours have had such a sentence addressed to her before. But never by a man in such a case as I."

The mirth gradually died out of Bell's eyes as he spoke.

"The fact is," he went on, "that I and a companion have had a small difficulty with the Hanoverian Government, in which we have come off somewhat at the worse. There is a price upon our humble heads which would make you safe of new honours to the end of your life, and which if he chose, it would greatly enrich your father to obtain. For our sins we have been compelled to take refuge with certain wild outlaws of these inmost hills, headed by one Hector Faa, who calls himself of the Honest Party but who in fact is ready to be honest or dishonest just as may suit him best!"

"Now there is pressing need for my friend and myself to get to France, both on account of the cause which we have at heart, and because the search for us grows daily more hot and close. As for my own part I am greatly weary of a damp and dreary cave, the rocks and of the society of Hector Faa, the hill gipsy, and ignorant tatterdemalions."

"You are not a murderer?" cried Bell, standing a little far off defensively; "you have never taken human life?"

The grave young man, Adam Home, laughed a little self-temptuous ironic laugh. "Indeed, I cannot flatter me that I have been in but one affair, and that was a ravelled unsatisfactory piece of business. It took me all my time to keep the sword King George's Hessians off my own crown."

"Then you are a rebel," she said, panting a little lovely!"

"I am very glad you think so," he said. "I am in hopes that that capacity I may make a similarly favourable impression on your father, and mayhap induce him to accommodate us with horses, and conduct us privately to some cove on the southern shore of Galloway, whence we may obtain boat for France."

As he had been speaking Bell's countenance had gradually falling. As soon as he had finished she came a step nearer and held up her clasped hands with a sweet penitential innocence which was not on this occasion all assumed.

"Oh, do not!" she cried, "do not! For God's dear sake—yes, your own, never dream of going to my father. If you are of the tender's party, or favourable to my Lord Kenmore, he will have pity upon you—not though your case were ten times as needful."

"Mistress Isobel," said Adam gravely, "I will not conceal from you that we have heard some such reports of the Laird of bleak heritage as discouraged us from approaching him directly. But that was before we knew that he owned a jewel so precious that to possess it, nay even to gaze upon it—were worth a world of worth."

"Who may you be calling it?" inquired Bell, pointedly, stammered and paused for a fitting phrase with which to round off the phrase.

The unexpected interrogatory knocked the bottom out of compliment. Adam Home laughed, coloured, and finally said, "I faith, Mistress Bell, you have not your wit to seek. We will be having you at Versailles yet, clattering up the great gable upon the prettiest of red heels and parrying and reporting with each courier as you go."

"Indeed I were better employed fitting the peats," said Bell, "but to your needs. I am concerned, sir, for your necessities, those of your friend. But I do urgently dissuade you from approaching my father. He would of a surety hand you over to the Government, without question or pity, being a strong friend of their party."

"But he is a gentleman, a laird on his own property. He would surely have some compassion on misfortunate men whose heads are already forfeit to the executioner's axe!"

Bell shook her own pretty head, and felt her neck with a little shudder as if to make sure that it was rightly attached at top and bottom.

"Ah," she cried, again interrupting him, "you do not know your father when you speak so. He is a strong, fierce man, a Covenant man of the sternest sort, and he hath sworn that if ever he catches any of the Pretender's folk he will slay them like so many rats in a trap!"

"That he might not find so easy," said the youth. "We are at least men of our hands, we rebels of the moss and cave!"

"I see, sir, that you know not my father," she answered, without a certain satisfaction; "he could break a dozen" (she was about to say "of you," but refrained), "a dozen men in his fingers at once. There is none in all the countryside can stand against him for a moment—no, not even Sir Alexander Gordon himself."

Then a quaintly wilful look stole over her face as she looked at the young man in the frayed coat.

"But there may be a way," she said; "my father goeth to Wigton to-morrow. I know where there are horses on the moor which you can catch with a feed of corn at any time. Saddles there are in the stable, and that shall be unlocked. I will put plenty of providing for man and beast behind the park dyke in a hollow of the rock which I shall show you. I myself will set you on your way, and, it may be, provide a safe escort who will hold his tongue—a neighbour lad who will do the thing I tell him, and who will guide you to the shore at a place where a boat may be obtained."

It was now the young man's turn to shake his head, which he did slowly and sadly enough.

"Nay, my fairest lady," he said sententially, "I thank you from my heart, but it cannot be. It shall never be said that Adam Home took another man's horse and provend without asking his leave."

"Is not this somewhat nice in a man who by his own account came over to take a King's crown?"

"You little Whig," he cried admiringly. "I knew not that you had been so well trained in your father's opinions."

"Nay," she answered, "tis all the same to me—one way or the other. But I acknowledge your side hath the prettiest fashions in dress, and also the most glosing tongues. So for the safety of other poor innocent maids I ought to help you all out of the country as fast as needs be."

(To be continued)

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

It seems that in Paris an ingenious *Marchisseuse* has utilised the captive balloon for the purposes of a drying ground. Bamboo frames are attached to the car, to which the linen is secured, and the balloon makes sundry ascents during the day to the height of about a hundred feet. This seems an excellent notion and likely to be successful, unless sudden showers were to come on, which would hardly lead to a satisfactory realisation of the project. Should the notion become popular in London, I do not know that countless balloons of various sizes at different heights, decked with innumerable white garments fluttering in the breeze, will add much to the beauty of our city. And it would be particularly awkward if these balloons got loose—as some of them occasionally would be sure to do. Just imagine the trouble that would be occasioned if your week's washing, instead of being delivered at the proper time, should be found at Budleigh Salterton or Bullock Smithy! When once a captive balloon requires its liberty there is no knowing to what lengths it will go. For all this, I believe, we do not make half the use of such convenient vehicles as we might.

When London is black with fog and the atmosphere is thick and pestilential, we are told up above there is pure air and brilliant sunshine. Here how useful would the captive balloon be. If there were plenty of them under efficient management I have no doubt they would pay exceedingly well. You could spend your days up in the pure air and sunshine, and come down at night, for you generally find in London, after a thick, foggy day, you have a tolerably clear evening. No doubt all our leading hospitals should be furnished with balloons, and great would be the benefit they would confer on many of the patients. Indeed, I have but little doubt that the air cure would be not only very popular but vastly remunerative. You would receive all the benefits of change of air without any of the trouble and cost of packing up, long railway journeys and expensive hotels. Another thing, what a boon it would be to the artist during those dark days that ever occur when he is somewhat late with his picture for the Royal Academy. How delighted he would be were he able to step into a specially appointed balloon, with his models and artistic paraphernalia, and finish his work in the pure daylight. Why doesn't someone at once start a Captive Balloon Company (Limited)? It could scarcely fail to be successful.

"A Reader of the Bystander" writes. "I think you may like to know that the old doorway of the Marshalsea is still in existence. It was bought by Hobbs of 'Liberator' fame, and is now to be seen built into the wall of a mineral water manufactory at Morland Road, Croydon." This is a very curious circumstance. Almost as odd as an experience of my own with regard to a relic mentioned in "David Copperfield." Don't you recollect, after the long-legged young man had bolted with the box and the half-guinea, the poor little fellow says:—"I came to a stop in the Kent Road, at a terrace with a piece of water before it, and a great foolish image in the middle, blowing a dry shell. Here I sat down on a doorstep quite spent and exhausted with the efforts I had already made, and with hardly breath enough to cry for the loss of my box and half-guinea." Well I happened some years ago to see that "great foolish image," propped up in the corner of a stonemason's yard in Banbury, and for aught I know it may be there still. At any rate it has long ago disappeared from Webb's County Terrace in the New Kent Road. It would be interesting to trace the history of the above-mentioned doorway, and to discover to which part of the prison it formed the entrance. There is still a goodly portion of the old building remaining, which dates from the beginning of the century, and I cannot call to mind there having been any extensive sale of materials there during the last twenty years. Is it possible that the doorway referred to may be a relic of the older Marshalsea, which was situated on the same side of the Borough, hard by where Union Street is now?

Mr. M. H. Spielmann's "Punch Supplement" to *Literature* bounds with good things and is full of interest. To me it is especially interesting, as I believe *Punch* was the very first paper to which I ever dared to send a contribution. When I was a boy I must have worried good-natured old Mark Lemon pretty considerably, for I was continually sending him what I thought were jokes, comic paragraphs, verses, pen-and-ink sketches and, eventually, drawings on the wood. Occasionally some of my contributions appeared—which circumstance gave me the greatest delight—but, as a general rule, I never saw anything more of them. In later years, however, I have been a somewhat voluminous contributor to *Mr. Punch's* paper. Between, however, these periods I wrote and drew not a few of the various periodicals which have from time to time been started as rivals to the Sage of Fleet Street, to which Mr. Spielmann devotes a special chapter. Among these was the *Comic Age*, a publication started with great energy and brilliancy by Henry J. Byron. Subsequently it changed its shape, its editor and its proprietor, and during its last and least successful days I was a prolific contributor to its pages with pen and pencil. Mr. Spielmann mentions that this paper was eventually christened the *Bubble*. I recollect the circumstance perfectly, for I was its godfather. When the circulation was rapidly diminishing, I remember meeting the proprietor having luncheon at Rule's in Maiden Lane, and he said he was going to change the title of his publication, and asked me to suggest a new one. "Call it the *Bubble*," said I—an excellent name, by the way, for a light and brilliant journal—"for it is certain to burst before long!" He adopted my idea, and within a fortnight my predictions were fulfilled.

A novel method of dealing with muddy streets has, I am glad to say, recently been introduced round and about Trafalgar Square. This new plan consists in washing the road and the pathways with a powerful hose, and having the cleansing made complete by a number of men with brooms to supplement the work of the stream of water. This system seems to be wonderfully effective.

"Rule Britannia!"

It is an interesting fact that this year there falls to be celebrated the bi-centenary of the birth of James Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons," and the author of the famous ode, "Rule Britannia," which at the present time, more, perhaps, than for many years past, voices the strong deep note of patriotism that is heard throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire. It is understood that a section of Thomson's compatriots is, later on, to celebrate his bi-centenary. But, in the meantime, a brief reference to the ode and its author and composer may be made here.



JAMES THOMSON
Author of "Rule Britannia"
(From an old Print)

James Thomson (born at Ednam, Roxburghshire) was only in his twenty-seventh year when he wrote "Rule Britannia." He had previously begun his cycle of "Season" poems, and already finished "Winter" and "Spring" (1727), "Summer" and "Autumn" following two years later, viz., in 1729-30. His famous tragedy of "Sophonisba" was written and produced at Edinburgh about the same time, thus testifying to Thomson's versatility as a poet while still a comparatively young man. When first published the surpassing merits



DR. ARNE
Composer of "Rule Britannia"
From an Engraving by W. Humphrey of the Portrait by R. Dunkarton

of "Rule Britannia"—its intense patriotic note so strenuously expressed—were at once recognised, and the author's place as a poet was assured beyond dispute. Even had Thomson written nothing more, his name should have had an honourable place on the roll of the immortals. Nevertheless, he is to some extent indebted for the admirable musical setting of his noble words to Dr. Thomas Augustine Arne, and in this connection their two names will ever be happily linked together, the one for his "rolling periods" and the other for his "swelling music's glorious strains" in creating the chief instrument—next, of course, to "God Save the Queen"—by which the voice of the British people testifies to their intense patriotism and love of liberty.

The Paris Exhibition.—I.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

THE work which M. Jules Roche, when Minister of Public Works, in his report to the President of the Republic, declared would "constitute the synthese and determine the philosophy of the nineteenth century," the Exhibition of 1900, is now making rapid progress towards completion.

It is so far advanced that it is now possible to form an opinion as to the impression it will make. After an inspection of the works, as thorough as time would permit (they cover a hundred acres of ground), I do not hesitate to say that next year's World's Show will be the most grandiose ever seen in Europe. When I last visited the Exhibition grounds a year ago they offered a curious sight, being under military occupation, thousands of men, infantry and cavalry, guarding the grounds and the few men who had not gone on strike. The grounds themselves looked like a deserted mining camp, the whole surface being a chaotic mass of mud-heaps and trenches.

Out of this chaos M. Picard and his assistants have made order, and on all sides tower magnificent palaces and pavilions representing the architecture of every age and every country. The first thing that strikes the visitor is the vastness of the Exhibition. In a rapid survey of some of the buildings lasting over three hours, I was able to inspect about one-third of the whole. Every year since 1856, when the first French Exhibition was modestly housed in the Palais de l'Industrie, on the Champs Elysées, the space devoted to these World's Fairs has been increasing. But that of next year far exceeds any of the preceding ones. The banks of the Seine have been taken possession of on the left bank right up to the Quai d'Orsay, and on the right bank all the ground has been taken to the Place de la Concorde itself, where the principal entrance has been installed. When one remembers that a good walker would take twenty-five minutes to go from the Place de la Concorde to the Champs de Mars, where the principal part of the Exhibition is installed, some idea of the vastness of space covered may be gained.

About half a mile further up the Champs Elysées is a second entrance. This is placed near the Rond Point, where the Palais de l'Industrie used to stand. Of that building everything has been pulled down except the central part, which is being used as offices for the Works Department of the Exhibition. In a few weeks' time this too will go, however, as it stands where the great entrance gate will be placed. On entering at this point the visitor finds himself flanked right and left by the Grand Palais and the Petit Palais, two of the most beautiful buildings in an Exhibition, which contains so much that is admirable in the way of architectural skill. The finishing touches are being put to the exterior of these palaces, and work in the interior is progressing rapidly.

Just behind them lies the Pont Alexander III., the splendid bridge spanning the river at this point, and joining the Esplanade des Invalides to the Champs Elysées. It is the largest bridge over the Seine, being nearly a hundred yards in breadth. It is flanked at either end by tall columns, on which equestrian figures will be placed. At either end, right and left, there will also be figures of recumbent lions, on the scale of those in Trafalgar Square.

Just on the other side is the railway station of the Exhibition. The platforms are underground, but the booking and other offices are above the surface. The underground portion is almost entirely finished, while the buildings above ground are in a very advanced condition. From this point, all along the Esplanade des Invalides right up to the church, the broad avenue is flanked by a succession of magnificent buildings—the Palace of Education and Instruction, the Palace of Industries, the Palace of Furniture and Decoration, the Palace of Public Edifices, etc. All of these are rapidly approaching completion; in some instances only the statuary and other minor decorations remain to be placed in position. One very happy idea in them has been the formation of the back wall of each of them of sheets of glass, so that the green foliage of trees of the Esplanade is seen a few feet away.

Thence the Exhibition runs along the left bank of the Seine. Here are situated the pavilions of the various countries. Most of them are well forward, with the exception of the Imperial Ottoman Pavilion. With true Turkish dilatoriness, it was only begun a few days ago and will hardly be finished by the 15th of April. The Italian Pavilion, which is a handsome building in Renaissance architecture, is almost finished outwardly. The American Pavilion is not so well advanced, but will doubtless be ready in ample time. It is in a somewhat severe style of architecture, and is surmounted by a large dome. The fact that its architect got into conflict with the American commissioner regarding the dome, which Mr. Woodward declared spoiled the appearance of the American Pavilion, did not tend to hasten the completion of the work. This difference has however now been settled, and work is going on rapidly. The Austrian Pavilion is also at about the same stage of completion. The Spanish Pavilion is a large building in Moorish style of architecture. It is making rapid progress, but a good deal still remains to be done to it. The Hungarian Pavilion is one of the most curious in the whole collection, being built in a curious cathedral-like style of architecture. In fact, anyone seeing it in its present stage would think it was rather the reproduction of some church than a pavilion of an exhibition. The English Pavilion is about the most advanced of all, and is a striking and very handsome building.

The pavilions, which number nearly seventy, form a double line along the left bank of the Seine. The more important—those of the great Powers and the United States—are on a handsome terrace, with a heavy wooden balustrade giving on the river itself. This will undoubtedly form one of the pleasantest lounges during the Exhibition, on account of the splendid view it has of the animated scene on the river itself and of both banks, from the Trocadero on the left to Notre Dame on the right. The pavilions of the smaller States, such as Bulgaria, Serbia, Belgium, Holland, etc., form the second line in the rear of the first. Though they are for the most part smaller there are some very striking buildings among such as are far enough advanced to enable a judgment to be formed.



DRAWN BY C. E. FRIPP

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT A. C. GIRDWOOD

It is usual now for infantry battalions to have a machine gun, and in each battalion certain officers and non-commissioned officers are instructed in the use of the weapon

WITH LORD METHUEN'S FORCE: A MAXIM GUN IN ACTION



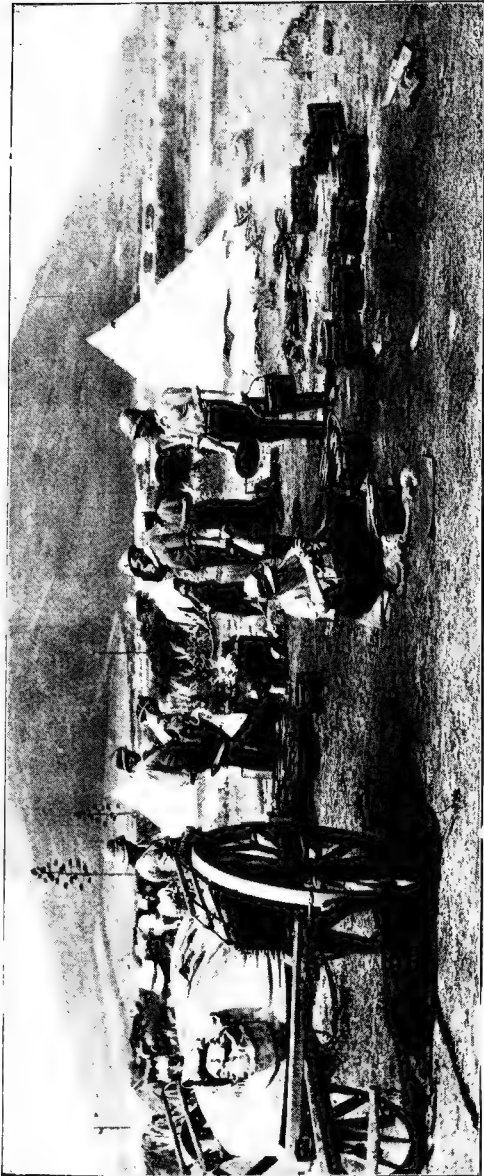
DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT A. C. GIRDWOOD

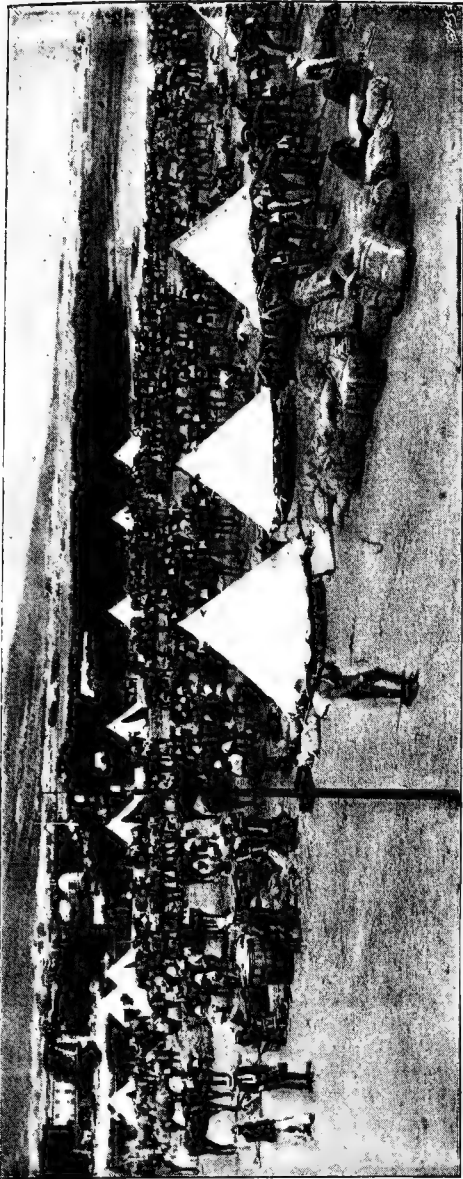
A lull in operations is taken advantage of by the men, and made use of as a washing day. After living in the same clothes night and day for nearly a week on end, a washing day is a luxury. The Commander-in-Chief, in his Pocket Book, says that washing clothes can be dispensed with for a long time without injury to

health. When at length a shirt is taken off it should be hung up, stretched out, and exposed to the sun and wind. It should be shaken and beaten with a small stick, or well brushed. Washing flannel soon ruins it. This advice is not always taken by soldiers, and the washing is rather more of a regular laundry type

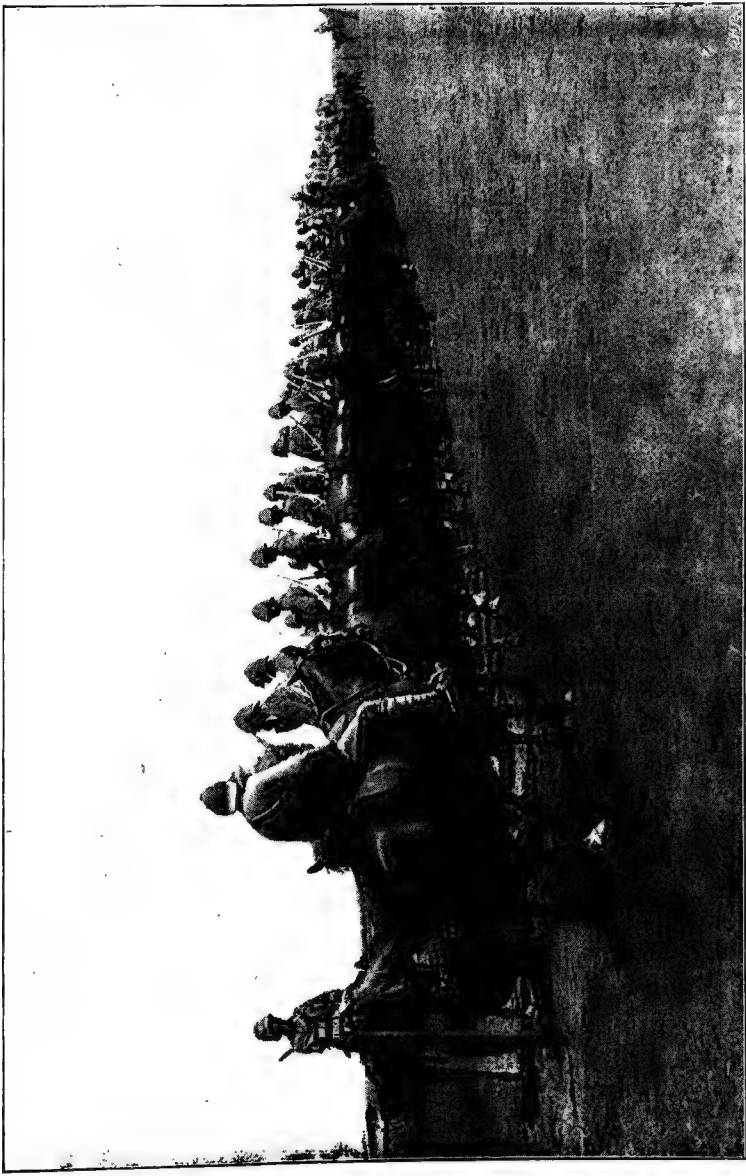
WASHING DAY IN CAMP AT MODDER RIVER



A CAMP KITCHEN



THE HORSE LINES



ON DUTY: TROOPERS WATERING HORSES

It is difficult to recognise in the khaki-clad troopers of the Composite Household Cavalry Regiment the stately and gorgeously clothed Life Guards and Horse Guards. In the simplest of uniforms, with no plate on their helmets, and with only the smallest regimental badge, the men look most serviceable. The regiment is made up of men drawn from the three regiments of Household Cavalry, and is under the command of Colonel A. D. Neeld. It forms part of



OFF DUTY: FISHING FOR STICKLEBACKS

Kitchen. Each squadron has its own kitchen in the rear of and in line with its own row of tents. In another we have a general view of a corner of the camp. In a cavalry camp the horse lines are arranged in parallel lines with the squadrons. At the end of each line of tents are the kitchens, and then come the officers' tents, and lastly the officers' horses and baggage, behind which is the rear guard. Our photographs are by J. E. Bruton, Cape Town

THE COMPOSITE REGIMENT OF HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY AT THE FRONT: LIFE IN CAMP

The War in the Magazines

WAR IN THE "ANGLO-SAXON"

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S princely quarterly now makes its appearance for the third time. The new volume is as handsomely bound as its predecessors, the design this time being taken from a book printed at Munich in 1628, and bound for Charles I. Mr. Davenport's notes on the binding, and particularly his references to the bookbinding which was done by Mary Collet at Little Gidding for Charles I., are particularly interesting. This issue of the *Anglo-Saxon* is distinctly warlike in tone. It opens with a fine engraving of a not very well-known portrait of Napoleon; Mr. Stephen Crane contributes a chapter of his characteristically vivid and impressionistic "War Memories," dealing with the Spanish-American War; Mr. David Hannay writes on "Our Sea Fights with the Dutch," hinting at the possibility of Holland joining the German Confederation and the rise of a first-class Naval Power on the Scheldt; Mr. Spenser Wilkinson treats of "The Art of Going to War;" and Mr. Lionel Phillips of "Past and Future in South Africa," and Mr. Stephen Wheeler draws a parallel between the rise of the Sikhs and the rise of the Boers. Among the ten militant contributions are a one-act play by Miss Alma-Tadema, in which the profound influence of Maeterlinck on the writer is once more shown; verses by Edmond Gosse and W. H. Mallock, a critical essay by Dr. Garnett, and a satire by Mr. Traill. These, with various other contributions and many excellent portraits, justify the price of the review, for assuredly it gives good value. The most trenchant speaking on the war is

be tested; that, in the matter of ordnance, both in the quality and quantity of the Boer artillery, these were known almost gun for gun; and, lastly, that their possession of Mauser rifles and vast stores of ammunition great and small was known as an undoubted fact.

THE DEFENCE OF LONDON

In *Cassell's Magazine* is given in outline a sketch of the manner in which London would be defended should ever our Navy be deprived of the command of the sea, and a hostile neighbour be disposed to make a raid.

The bold chalk ridge of the North Downs is thus the southern wall of London. The line of selected positions extends for thirty-six miles from the Hog's Back on the right to Halstead, in Kent, on the left. On the other side of the river there is another series of positions selected, running from Tilbury on the Thames, by Brentwood, to Epping, to protect London against an attack coming through Essex. On the north-west positions have been chosen about Berkhamsted, in the Chilterns. Between the left of the southern line and the right of the Essex positions lies the great waterway of the Thames, defended by groups of forts.

London is thus already what may be called a skeleton fortress. But no Government has yet proposed, or is ever likely to propose, to encircle the capital with a belt of ramparts and forts. It is not, and never will be, a fortress like Paris. There are many reasons against any such scheme being adopted. In the first place, London is far too big. No army that could even in the remotest possibility be landed in England, would be strong enough to blockade or regularly besiege it. To do so it would have to take up a line of at least sixty miles. What is to be provided against is an attack on one, or perhaps two, sides of the Metropolis; and on the sides that are most likely to be assailed the lines of defence have been selected and to a small extent prepared, the completion of the work being left until the danger comes nearer.

There is something very characteristic of the country about the concluding lines. No one imagines that England is in danger of invasion, but if such a disaster should be imminent one can easily imagine the Government of the day being asked why these lines of defence had been left unprepared until the last moment, and that moment possibly a moment too late. There are three stretches of

"The Backbone of the Army"

By HORACE WYNDHAM

THE statement that "the non-commissioned officers are the backbone of the Army" holds as good to-day as it did when it was first uttered. A good deal of ignorance exists among civilians as to what a non-commissioned officer exactly is. In the fewest possible words he may be defined as "a soldier who legitimately exercises authority over others." Consequently, his position must at least be that of corporal. The other recognised non-com. grades are those of sergeant, colour-sergeant, and quartermaster-sergeant, for "lance" merely means "acting," and thus a lance-corporal is always reckoned as a private in the regimental returns. Sergeant-majors and bandmasters are warrant officers and accordingly take precedence of all N.C.O.'s. The "establishment" (that is the authorised number of both classes in an infantry battalion) is as follows:—Sergeant-major 1, bandmaster 1, colour-sergeants 8, sergeants 24, corporals 32. When a battalion is stationed abroad, however, eight sergeants, and the same number of corporals, are allowed in addition to these totals, in order to cope with the extra strain of work that is imposed.

It takes a soldier about sixteen years before becoming a regimental sergeant-major. As such, he is at the head of all N.C.O.'s, and



DRAWN BY C. E. FRIPP

A correspondent at Pietermaritzburg writes: "A short time since a Zulu chief and his men came in to do honour to the magistrate and to offer their services in case they might be wanted in the war. The chief explained that he knew he was unworthy to fight with the Englishman, but when the master went hunting did he not call the dogs to help him? He himself and his men were content to be the dogs if they might help."

At the word 'Inkoz', which means 'Master,' these men saluted by raising their right hands high above their heads. These Zulus are born fighters. They had fastened their assegais to their saddles to show that they mean what they said. They were fine, big fellows, and were mounted on small horses.

FROM A SKETCH BY AGNES M. JOHNSTON

LOYAL ZULUS OFFERING THEIR SERVICES IN THE WAR TO THE MAGISTRATE AT PIETERMARITZBURG

afforded by Mr. Spencer Wilkinson when he writes with regard to the present situation, "Either Lord Wolseley has given advice which was not inspired by sound strategical judgment—a most improbable supposition—or his advice was not asked for in time, or it has been overruled." And again, when he accuses the people who have charge of the country's fate of a lack of simplicity and strength:—

Do they reveal that singleness of eye, that devotion to one purpose, that absorption in one object which marks the great figures of history? To my view one idea seems to be absent from their minds—the idea that to accomplish a great purpose you must run great risks, and that to lead a nation you must face at every moment of your career the chance of political annihilation. To disinterested eyes it was as clear as noonday that the Bloemfontein Conference was the British ultimatum, and that at the Boer negative then uttered meant war. . . . The statesman, like the soldier and every other true man, has to learn in his own person the tragic law of human existence—that the path of great achievements runs along the brink of the abyss.

THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT

In the *Cornhill* Major Arthur Griffiths takes up arms in defence of the Intelligence Department, claiming that it has neither been idle or failed to justify its existence. As to its failure to keep pace with Boer activity in armament, the last word has not yet been said, "and not the least important branch of the inevitable inquiry into the conduct of the present campaign will be to elicit how far the Government was warned of the Boer strength, and the weight it attached to the information received."

It is stated, on seemingly unimpeachable authority, that the confidential reports supplied by the "Intelligence Department," but not at present made public, did really call attention to the numbers, efficiency and general excellent character of the Boer forces; that as regards the first the totals approximated pretty closely to those said to be now in the field, a statement still, of course, to

coast on which an enemy might land with a view to attacking London. First, there is the coast between Dover and the Isle of Wight. Then there is the coast of Essex; and, finally, the coast of Dorsetshire. The shores of Kent and Sussex seem at first sight the most likely place. But, having landed, the invader would have to advance inland through close country that would be very embarrassing to a foreign army trained to operate chiefly in open country, without hedgerows or hedgerow trees—in fact, a country compared to which Sussex and Surrey are a tangled labyrinth. Harassed by cavalry, mounted infantry, and cyclists, who would cut off or drive in their reconnoitring parties, destroy bridges, and remove or make useless all supplies, the invaders could not make rapid progress. Meanwhile, the great barrier of the North Downs would every day be growing stronger rapidly. The coast of Dorsetshire would give the disadvantage of a much longer line of march, but through much easier open country, while an attack through Essex would probably be easiest of all. The creeks of the Essex coast would afford a good landing-place, and once landed the enemy would be within two marches of East London without meeting any strong natural features to bar his way. There is good reason to believe that it was on this side that the Spanish army conveyed by the Armada, with the Duke of Parma's troops from Antwerp, was to have been landed. This was why the English army of defence was concentrated on the high ground near Tilbury Fort. For the present, however, no one seems likely to attempt the feat. Was it not Moltke who said that he knew a hundred ways of landing an army in England, but not one of getting it out again?

the immediate link between the commissioned and the non-commissioned ranks. He wears a sword on parade (although he never draws it), and is more feared by the inattentive and awkward recruit than is the colonel himself. On the barrack-square nothing has yet been devised that can escape his eagle eye, and the least unsteadiness in the rear rank of the last company of a column is as promptly detected by him as if it had taken place under his very nose. His exact work is not very clearly defined, for the simple reason that he is expected to do everything that shall tend to the smooth running of the wheels of regimental administration. To this end, therefore, he attends all parades, sees that the N.C.O.'s acquit themselves satisfactorily of their various duties, acts as gaoler when prisoners are brought up before the Commanding-officer, and keeps the "duty-roster" for sergeants and corporals. In return for the performance of these different offices, he receives, if a linesman, 5s. per diem, and in the cavalry and departmental corps from 7s. to 5s., as the work then demanded of him is rather more responsible.

The senior non-commissioned officer in a battalion (remunerated at the rate of 4s. a day) is the quartermaster-sergeant. His functions are chiefly clerical, and consist largely in assisting the quartermaster in looking after the proper distribution of rations and clothing. The care of the barrack-room furniture, &c., is also within his province, and thus, as may be imagined, the greater part of his time is occupied in making out the innumerable rolls and returns that are ever demanded by the War Office authorities. Consequently, like the members of the orderly-room staff, the Q.M.S. practically lives in an atmosphere of blue paper and red tape.

Immediately after him in order of precedence come the eight

colour-sergeants. The duties of these N.C.O.'s (whose daily scale of pay is the moderate one of 3s. 2d.) are by no means light, as they embrace the keeping of their companies' accounts, and the looking after of their messing and clothing arrangements, &c., with responsibility (under the captains) for the discipline and efficiency of the rank and file. Sergeants and corporals assist in this latter duty, and are accordingly empowered to confine in the guard-room privates who disobey their orders. Among other of their responsibilities are those of taking charge of barrack-rooms, acting as drill-instructors, and commanding guards and pickets, &c. The respective rates of pay of these two ranks are, in the infantry, 2s. 4d. and 1s. 8d. per diem. In the other branches of the Service they are slightly higher.

As has been explained, the term "lance" merely implies "acting." A lance-corporal, therefore, is in reality a private temporarily invested with non-commissioned rank. The number of such allowed in each battalion is limited to thirty-two, and for their extra work their pay is increased by 4d. a day. Among the duties they are called upon to perform, in return, are those of assisting the "effective ranks" to preserve discipline, and of posting sentries when on guard or picket. In the absence of their seniors, they exercise authority on their own responsibility, and may thus place private soldiers in confinement.

From the moment that a soldier becomes a non-commissioned officer (of how low a grade) his military position is improved in a variety of ways. Thus, in addition to receiving a more or less substantial increase of pay, he is relieved of the necessity of performing sentry-go, or fatigue duty, &c. Then the sweets of independent command are also now his, and he can thus issue orders which the mysterious force known as "discipline" will ensure being carried out both promptly and efficiently. With the attaining of the dignity of three stripes, still further advantages are reaped, for, as a sergeant, a soldier leaves the barrack-room life behind him, and is entitled instead to the use of a comfortably fitted-up mess-room. Here he has his meals and means of recreation, and a well-furnished sitting-room in which to foregather with his comrades of the same rank in his leisure hours. Whenever practicable a sergeant is granted separate sleeping accommodation as well, and for this purpose is provided with a small "bunk" adjoining the barrack-room of which he may be in charge. Such a place of retirement becomes a great convenience when he is engaged in the task of making out the list of men required for the performance of such guard or fatigue work as his company may have been detailed for by the sergeant-major.

For every N.C. grade a series of tests is imposed, and no promotions are made unless the candidates shall have satisfactorily passed an examination of varying degrees of severity in professional subjects. A lance-corporal, however, is appointed on probation from among the privates of the best character, and thus is not called upon to exhibit his mental attainments to any marked extent. Before being advanced to the rank of full corporal, however, he is required to qualify in drill and musketry instruction, and to display a somewhat intimate knowledge of "The Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army" and the system of keeping military accounts. Corporals are examined in the same subjects (but a much higher standard of marks is demanded in their case) previous to their being promoted sergeants, and they are also required to be in possession of a second-class certificate of education from the garrison military school. The earning of this implies on the part of its holder a good elementary knowledge of simple and compound arithmetic and the working of military accounts, &c., with ability to take down to dictation three or four pages of regimental orders. In the case of sergeants no examination is necessary for promotion to the rank of colour-sergeant, but if they are desirous of reaching the higher ones of quartermaster-sergeant or sergeant-major (and thus become warrant officers) they must obtain first-class certificates of education. This is rather a severe test to many an otherwise thoroughly qualified soldier, as this list of obligatory subjects includes dictation, geography, history, manuscript copying, and advanced arithmetic. In each of these a high standard of proficiency is required, and no certificate is granted unless the candidate gains a qualifying minimum in each subject as well as a qualifying aggregate in the whole. Altogether, it will be readily granted that considerable pains are taken to ensure a non-commissioned officer's being thoroughly qualified for his position.

The Coup d'Etat in China

THE sympathy which the Emperor of China evoked among us by the failure of his well-meaning, if ill-timed, attempt at reforming some of the abuses which abound in the Chinese system of government, will be again extended to him on the publication of the news that he will shortly be compelled to abdicate the throne in favour of Huk Wei, son of Prince Tuan, and grandson of the Emperor Tao Kwang.

Kwang Hsu, ninth Emperor of the Manchu Ta Tsing, or "Great Pure" dynasty, was born in 1871, and succeeded to the throne on the death of his cousin, Tung Chih, in the beginning of 1875. Kwang Hsu was the son of Prince Chun, the seventh son of the Emperor Tao Kwang, and brother of Hienfung, predecessor to Tung Chih. The style of Kwang Hsu, or "illustrious succession," was bestowed upon him, according to Chinese custom, when he was proclaimed Emperor, the name he had hitherto borne being Tsai Tien. In China there is no law of hereditary succession, each sovereign being free to appoint his successor from among the members of his family of a younger generation than his own, but Tung Chih dying suddenly and without naming a successor, the two Empress Dowagers, widows of Tung Chih—of whom one, Tzi Hsi, still survives—acting in concert with Prince Chun, placed the

Hemmed in on every side by a rigorous and intricate etiquette, the Son of Heaven, though Lord and Master of 350 millions of the human race, is little better than a prisoner within the walls of the Forbidden Palace. As might be expected from the secluded life he is forced to lead, little is known of his personal habits or of his character, but at the audience held in 1891—one of the very few occasions when Europeans have been permitted to approach him—he impressed everyone with his intelligence and gentleness. He was described by one who saw him at that time as being of a mild and somewhat melancholy disposition, with a pale face, which, though distinguished by refinement and quiet dignity, showed none of the force of his martial ancestors, nothing commanding or imperial, but altogether mild, delicate, sad, and kind. Essentially Manchu in features, his skin was strangely pallid in hue, which, no doubt, was to be accounted for by the confinement of his life and the absence of the ordinary pleasures and pursuits of youth, and by the constant discharge of onerous and difficult affairs of State and of the ceremonial functions imposed upon him as Pontifex Maximus of his people. It would seem, however, that he possesses a marked individuality, and that if he is wanting in health and strength he at least possesses the brains to assert himself. He has an exceptional acquaintance with the Chinese Classics, and although extremely ignorant of the outside world, he has always been greatly interested in everything English, and even took lessons in our language from two Chinese students of the Foreign College at Peking. He showed his independence of character on more than one occasion, notably in the recent reception of Prince Henry of Prussia, when, for the first time in the history of China, her ruler condescended to receive a foreigner on an equal footing. In 1889 he married Yeh-ho-na-la, the daughter of a Manchu general, who had been specially selected for that high station out of several hundred candidates. The marriage was celebrated with great state, more than a million sterling being expended on the attendant ceremonies. At the same time the Empress Dowager issued a farewell edict and passed into nominal retirement, though continuing to be the virtual ruler. In 1898 the Emperor was induced by Kung-yu-wei to attempt a number of reforms, amongst others being the abolition of the pig-tail, which his ancestors, two hundred and fifty years before, had compelled the Chinese to adopt as a sign of subjection to the Manchu race. Such reforms were too much for the Empress Dowager and her Court, and the Emperor was arrested and imprisoned in his summer palace. Since that time little has been heard of him beyond vague rumours that his mind was affected.

Unlike many of his predecessors, who spent much of their time hunting in the Imperial hunting grounds at Jehol, Kwang Hsu seldom leaves the Imperial Palace in the Forbidden City—the innermost of the three enclosures which form the northern portion of the City of Peking, the Tartar, the Imperial, and the Forbidden City respectively. The Tartar City, intended originally for the housing of the Manchu garrison, is now chiefly inhabited by Chinese. In the Imperial City are situated the Government Offices and

residences of princes and nobles. The Forbidden City, so often described but so seldom entered by Europeans, contains the Imperial Palaces, Harem, and Gardens. It is about two miles in circuit, and is surrounded by a solid wall faced with glazed bricks and covered with yellow tiles, and is divided into three parts by two walls running north and south. A gate on each side of this area gives access to its buildings, the southern gate leading to the middle division, in which are the Imperial buildings. It is especially appropriated to the Emperor, and whenever he passes through it, a bell and gong in the tower above are struck. Of the many courts and halls in the Palace the most important is the hall called the Tranquil Palace of Heaven, containing the council chamber where Kwang Hsu daily transacted the business of the State with the members of the Grand Council between the hours of four and six a.m., for at this early hour etiquette ordains that the Emperor shall begin his work. Beyond this building stands the Palace of the Earth's Repose, containing the Imperial Harem, where Kwang Hsu whiled away his leisure time, or in the adjoining flower garden, adorned with temples and groves, and interspersed with canals, fountains, pools and flower-beds, which form the northern part of the Forbidden City, beyond which rises the immense artificial mountain, 150 feet in height, whose five summits, crowned with as many pavilions, form a prominent landmark in the surrounding country.



KWANG HSU, EMPEROR OF CHINA
WHOSE ABDICATION HAS BEEN REPORTED

A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY AN ENGLISHMAN WHO WAS PRESENT AT AN IMPERIAL RECEPTION

infant son of the latter upon the throne. The irregularity of this proceeding was too much in accordance with precedent to cause much comment, had it not been for the fact that Kwang Hsu was of the same generation as the sovereign whom he succeeded. He was thus unable to pay ancestral worship to the manes of the deceased—a most grave objection in the eyes of the Chinese, and one which many of them considered sufficient to debar him from the succession. He has, therefore, often been termed a usurper. During his long minority the two Empresses held undisputed sway until 1881, when Tzi An, Hienfung's principal widow, died. The surviving Empress continued, however, to hold the reins of government, and even after the Emperor attained his majority he could never be regarded as anything but a puppet in the hands of that singularly able but unscrupulous woman. In China, it has been said, eunuchs have frequently been the Cabinet and women the Ministers, and although one of the early Manchu rulers, recognising that this circumstance had brought about the downfall of preceding dynasties, caused to be erected an iron tablet on which an eternal law was engraven, decreeing that eunuchs should never be employed in any official capacity, and that women should not be allowed to interfere in affairs of state, yet in practice both women and eunuchs have continued to play a leading part in public affairs, and palace intrigues of the true Oriental type have been at all times common.



Impetuous, energetic, active in the Ardennes. In South Africa, when the situation was taken over very roughly, he was the only one who was necessary. For it is a man who has down in the ground of a field that in selecting persons for the army it is the only one that the general is

their immediate as my should be as unaccountably as possible to the enemy, any step a company, such as the tanks of a unit or side of a narrow, coming unaccountably in front of the army, and a great protection to them.

The position of the army has been changed, the battery has to go to the front, as it is in the line. Town pulls up half over the rocky top of a hill, the drivers manage to get the rifles and guns to the battery and to the front.

DESCENDING A SPRUIT: A ROUGH ROAD FOR THE GUNS

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

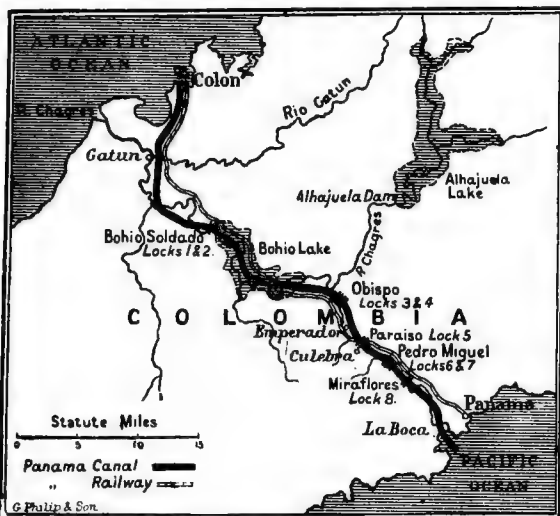
The Panama and Nicaragua Canals

By ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN

FOR four centuries an American trans-isthmian canal has been contemplated, but of the many opposing schemes the issue has now been narrowed down to the choice between the Panama and Nicaragua routes. One of the first works published on the advantages of the Nicaragua route was written by Louis Napoleon, after his escape from Ham, and it was another Frenchman, M. de Lesseps, who threw himself heart and soul into the Panama scheme, and inaugurated in 1879 the first "Compagnie du Canal du Panama," whose object was to construct a sea-level ship canal from Colon, on the Atlantic, to Panama, on the Pacific. Two years later the Company began work.

THE PANAMA SCHEME

The Panama Canal was to be completed in twelve years, at an estimated cost of 48,000,000*l.*, but many unforeseen difficulties arose. The opening of the surface soil caused much sickness, the floods of the Chagres River, which crossed the original line of the canal some twenty-five times, proved to be beyond the control of the engineers, and the upper layers of the great cutting through the Culebra, the highest peak of the Cordilleras which had to be overcome, were of such an unstable nature that the side slopes fell into the excavation faster than the material could be removed. Worst of all, the corruption which prevailed, not only in France amongst the company promoters and the politicians and journalists, whose goodwill was necessary to the scheme, but also among the employés on the canal, from the chief engineers down through every grade to the negro labourers who dug at so much per day, assumed



THE PANAMA CANAL

such proportions that of the fifty odd millions spent on the scheme in the first seven years, less than half represented actual work done, and, in 1889, the company went into liquidation. In 1894 the new Panama Canal Company was launched, just in time to prevent the expiration of the concession from Colombia, and, adopting a report by a Commission of Dutch, Belgian, and French engineers which had been made some years previously, it was decided to build a lock canal, the estimated cost of which was 36,000,000*l.* By those who support the Panama scheme, it is contended that since that time a number of engineers and from three to five thousand men have been constantly employed on the Canal, that exhaustive surveys have been made, that the Culebra has been cut through and examined, that the control of the Chagres River has been thoroughly studied, and borings made along the route, with the result that the company is now in possession of a complete set of plans and maps containing all the data necessary for the execution of the project. The projected canal is to run from Colon, on the Atlantic, to Panama, on the Pacific, a distance of forty-six and a-half miles. Four locks on either watershed will raise ships to the summit level of the canal, 98 feet above sea level. Under this scheme the Chagres River will not only be controlled, but also utilised by the dam at Bohio, and another at Alhajuela, nine miles from the Canal, where a large artificial lake will be formed for feeding the summit level of the Canal, 98 feet above sea level. It is estimated that about two-fifths of the whole work has been completed, and that it will cost about 20,000,000*l.* to complete. Such is the case for the Panama Canal.

THE NICARAGUA SCHEME

The chief features of the Nicaragua Canal project of a few years back are well known. The Cordilleras, forming the "divide" between the drainage of the Atlantic and Pacific, separate north of Lake Nicaragua into two branches, one, a narrow "divide," situated between the lake and the Pacific, and the other running parallel with, and east of the lake, and then with a southerly direction, terminating near Greytown, on the Atlantic coast. Between these ranges, connected by a river, are Lakes Nicaragua and Managua, receiving the drainage of the basin. Lake Nicaragua is 110 miles long by forty-five miles broad, is deep, has a surface level of 106 feet above sea level, and is possessed of but one outlet, the San

Juan River, which, in its course of 120 miles to the Atlantic, is navigable for river steamers, except at certain rapids, which in the dry season offer some difficulty.

Of the many surveys executed, only those of the last half-century need be mentioned, *i.e.*, the Child's survey in 1852, the Lull survey in 1873, the Maritime Canal Company's, 1885-90, conducted by Mr. Menocal. The chief features of the last of these was the proposal (1) to extend the summit level of 110 feet almost from ocean to ocean, to be accomplished by means of two immense dams, and (2) to carry the canal to Greytown, not, as Childs and Lull had suggested, through the marshy lowlands neighbouring the lower reaches of the San Juan, but by a direct route through the crest of the eastern "divide." By a daring plan of embankments the summit level would extend for 154 miles across the isthmus, its eastern terminus being within thirteen miles of the Atlantic, and the western within two miles of the Pacific. The descent on either side was to be made by three locks. Mr. Menocal proposed to dam the San Juan and other streams by means of a loose "rock-fill," utilising the material taken from the cutting of the eastern divide, with excavated clay dumped upon the up-stream face of the dam to make it impervious. These dams were to be used as weirs, over which the surplus waters of the lake and rivers were to be discharged. At Brito, on the Pacific, and Greytown, on the Atlantic, artificial harbours were to be created.

A certain amount of work on this plan had been carried out when, in 1893, the Canal Company ceased for lack of funds. To test the "feasibility and cost of construction" of the above scheme a Commission, known as the Ludlow Commission, was appointed, and reported that a canal was feasible, but they were unable to endorse several features of Menocal's plan—the data were insufficient, the quantities under-estimated, the rock-fill dams doubtful, and the unit prices too low. The estimate was raised to over 133 million dollars. A more thorough examination of the route was recommended, and the Walker Commission began work in December, 1897. The two best routes were declared to be the Menocal, or high-level, and the Lull, or low-level, route. The estimated cost was 125, later raised by one member, General Hains, to 150 million dollars, and the time allowed eight to ten years. The construction of the canal was declared to be "entirely feasible." Important modifications, especially as regards the sites and construction of the dams, were recommended, and the idea of using the dams as overflow weirs was abandoned, separate weirs being provided.

THE RIVAL ROUTES

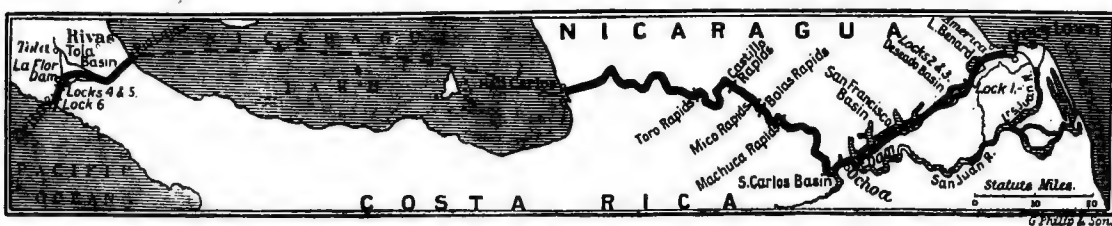
That a trans-isthmian canal would have great commercial and strategic value, that it is a necessity of the age, has now been abundantly proved, and all that remains to be decided is the best available route. The question is now narrowed down to one of cost, practicability and position—Panama or Nicaragua. Commission after commission has reported on the advantages of either scheme, but for the moment opinion seems much divided in the States as to which should be adopted, the French company of Panama having been recently bought out by an American company—so that both schemes are now American.

The relative merits of the two schemes can be given in a few words. Certain advantages of the new Panama scheme, which utilises locks and dams, are not to be denied. At each end of the canal there is a good natural harbour, whereas costly artificial harbours will have to be built at Brito and Greytown. Two-fifths of the Panama Canal is said to be already constructed, while little actual progress has so far been made with the Nicaragua scheme. But the Culebra Cut and the Chagres River presenting grave difficulties, are problems that have as yet only been solved on paper, and the deadly



THE RIVAL ROUTES ACROSS THE ISTHMUS

climate of Panama (93 inches rainfall), notwithstanding the improvements effected by sanitation, compares badly with the general healthiness of Nicaragua (with 256 inches rainfall), due to the prevailing trade winds. The Panama Canal has the advantage of a double track railroad parallel to and close by the canal; whereas Nicaragua has merely some nine miles of single track at the Atlantic side. At Nicaragua there is hardly any plant, while at Panama there is a plant that cost originally, it is reported, 30,000,000 dollars, with good accommodation for 15,000 men, figures that require to be closely inspected to ascertain the present value. At Panama the estimated cost is 102 against 150 million dollars at Nicaragua. The length and time of transit are respectively: Panama, 46 miles and 15 hours, against Nicaragua, 170 miles and 45 hours.



THE NICARAGUA CANAL

An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

How will the war affect the artist and his works? It is commonly recognised that the very first professions adversely influenced by national perturbation or national depression are those of the painter, the sculptor, and, in a less degree, the architect. Now when a war occurs, one section of the artists suffer and the other benefit. The national calls upon the purse of the individual—the taxes, direct and indirect; the fall in the funds; the calls for compassionate contributions, and, in all too many cases, the mourning in many households, all indispose the wealthy to expend their substance in works of beauty, for the sake of gratifying their æsthetic desires. The anecdote picture, the ideal statue or statuette of no obvious intention, the landscape, and so on—art produced for art's sake—are more or less neglected, not only by those who suffer, but by the general public, whose thoughts are absorbed by the state of public affairs.

On the other hand, all art that may be used for memorial purposes will be busily employed. The sculptor will be besieged with commissions for busts, statues, and, alas, for mortuary designs; the portrait-painter will be called upon to produce many a posthumous likeness; and the miniature-painter will reap a harvest of the cut flowers. And to the medallist, whose exquisite art is too little appreciated in this country, will be confided the task of producing many a little medallion and plaque, the obverse of which will record in imperishable bronze or silver the features of the hero who is gone, and the reverse some beautiful and pathetic design in memory of his virtues or some symbol of the sorrow of those who are left to mourn him. The great advantage of the medal is that while the work itself is permanent, it may be struck as often as need be, and that without deterioration, so that every friend may possess a copy. There are two or three artists—whose names need not now be mentioned—now practising in England, whose ability in this work is equal to their sympathetic fancy.

How many Timaratas, I wonder—how many Properzias, Sofonisbas, Anguiscias, Elisabetta Siranis, Rosalbas, Angelicas, Vilebruns, Rosa Bonheurs—will emerge from the important school in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury? This unique institution—the Royal Female School of Art—which for half a century has justified its existence, and has each year drawn prizes from South Kensington, which once cast it off, has completed another year of life, and has impressed on the visitor the excellence of its tuition. It seems to become every year more and more a training college for women, who, doubtless, will become in their turn very efficient art mistresses and teachers of drawing. From a careful examination of their exhibited work, and of the means at their disposal, I should say that in certain respects not quite the full opportunity is afforded to the pupils of becoming artists. That is to say, working from the living model is not sufficiently practised; oil painting does not receive the encouragement that it should; modelling in clay, which ought to be compulsory, is, to a great extent, overlooked. When these omissions are made good, the School can hope to obtain those results which might justifiably be expected from its excellent constitution.

"We cannot always avoid what is foreign," said Goethe, somewhere; "what is good often lies afar off." And he proceeded to explain that while every true German hated the French, yet "doch ihre Weine trinkt er gern." Thus English artists and art-lovers should welcome the display of foreign art in London, even though the claret may cut out British beer. At the Graphic Gallery there has lately been a display covering a great field of art, always suggestive and frequently delightful. From Monsieur Colnot and M. Prouvé (although M. Lalique was absent), the fashioners of the jewels shown at the Arts and Crafts Society could learn the value of that beauty and finish of execution in which they are so sadly deficient. Our decorators and painters have viewed with profound interest the great grisaille study by Puvis de Chavannes for the decoration of the Boston Library, the vibrating and comprehensive colour-schemes in M. Gaston La Touche's subtle pictures, the realism of M. Gilsoul, the rugged force of M. Constantin Meunier's coloured chalk drawings. From the same artist's superb bronzes both our modellers and our bronze founders might draw inspiration: in the extraordinary relief stained glass—invented, I believe, by John La Farge—our own window designers might see the dawn of a new era here in England; and in the "Favril" blown glass, iridescent with metallic lustre, we have a suggestion for beautiful new decoration, rendered more exquisite, we may perhaps flatter ourselves, by a more chastened taste.

A bitter wail has gone up in Paris on the result becoming known as to the "cleaning" to which the three "Beresteyn" Frans Hals have been subjected. "Skinning Old Masters" is an occupation much enjoyed in many of the foreign and some of our English galleries. Under pretence of removing dirt and discoloured varnish, official "cleaners" frequently remove the fine glazings and the "quality" of a picture as well, leaving the original colours "as bright as when the picture was first painted." Brighter, in many cases; for the artist's final toning-down is unmercifully stripped off. It is the fashion to grumble and snarl at our National Gallery, but in no gallery in Europe is greater and more reverential care taken with the works of the collection.

It is announced from Germany that it is incorrect to consider Professor Herkome's "Ordre pour le Mérite" as an award for a single picture, however admirable it may be—especially not for the early portrait of Professor Ruskin now at Berlin—but that the Order is invariably given for general excellence, and especially for "wide and honourable reputation," as is explicitly announced to recipients in the patents conferring it.

"L'Image de la Femme"

IN a sumptuous volume handsomely bound in plum-coloured leather, and on which has been expended every advantage of the bookmaker's art, M. Armand Dayot has brought together a splendid collection of portraits of beautiful women. This book of beauty ranges over a wide field. M. Dayot has ransacked the remote past and made discriminating selections in the immediate present. He has divided his work into periods, each being a century, and his catholicity is shown in his selection, which aims not merely at giving types illustrative of the beauty of the subjects chosen by artists or sculptors, but also at showing the genius of the draughtsman. He has held a mirror up to the ages, and tried to show reflected in it national characteristics, national ideals, as well as the influence of widely differing schools, and of the ideals of artists in all countries. Every eye forms its own beauty, so does every nation and every age in every nation, and it is at once instructive and fascinating to turn over these pages and see how genius after genius has striven to place on permanent record what most appealed to him in the women of his day or of his imagination. The story opens with the antique, with Egyptian sculpture, with the work of the Greeks and Romans, and after a brief survey of the remote past, brings one to Ghirlandajo (of whose beautiful portrait of Giovanni Tornabuoni, a beautiful reproduction appears), Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Giorgione and that consummate master of the sixteenth century—Holbein. The following century brings us to Rubens, to Van Dyck, Rembrandt, to Hals and Velasquez, and only a small selection is possible so much is there to choose from at that period of glorious artistic awakening in the Low Countries. As the seventeenth century is the period of Flemish art succeeding to the



STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL. PASTEL BY LA TOUR IN THE MUSÉE DE SAINT QUENTIN
From "L'Image de la Femme." (Hachette)



PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN, BY REYNOLDS. AN ENGRAVING IN THE COLLECTION IN THE CABINET DES ESTAMPES
From "L'Image de la Femme." (Hachette)



MADAME DUBARRY, BY DROUAIS, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE BARONESS N. DE ROTHSCHILD
From "L'Image de la Femme." (Hachette)

for revolution. This was an exaggeration, but it served the exigencies of the moment. The King agreed, apparently calmly, but with rage and grief in his heart, that Wagner should leave Munich, at least for a little time. This was, perhaps, a mental reservation. It is certain the King did not contemplate a total separation.

In 1867 Ludwig was betrothed to his cousin, Sophie Charlotte, the daughter of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, but, for some unaccountable reason, the marriage never took place. (The Princess afterwards married the Duc d'Alençon, and perished in the disastrous fire at the bazaar in the Rue Goujon, Paris, 1897.) The breaking off of the engagement was all the more to be deplored as, at the time, the King was singularly without friends.

Miss Gerard thinks that the King's passion for building is greatly exaggerated. However that may be, he built three magnificent castles during his reign, and the chances are, if he had lived and been allowed, he would have had as many more, for he soon tired of a place, or rather some little *contretemps* would happen which would make the place distasteful to him, and he would not go near it again.

There were many historical traditions connected with these two castles which might account in some measure for the King wanting to rebuild them; but with respect to Linderhof, the third and most extravagant fairy palace—extravagant both in conception and cost—there were none of these traditions. Its one grand possession was a large linden tree, in the shade of which thirty villagers could sit and discuss the village politics. Close by was a small hunting lodge where Maximilian II. used to put up. Ludwig II. was not a hunter, but he loved the solitude of the woods, and in 1869, when the building mania had seized upon him, his thoughts turned to Linderhof. Orders were sent that he was coming. One of the secretaries repaired in haste to the lodge to refurnish it and do it up generally, in hope of turning the King from the idea of rebuilding the place. But it was of no avail.

Within a week of his arrival, the plans for the little Trianon were put in hand; and artists were despatched in all haste to make studies at Versailles and bring back models of everything used by Marie Antoinette. The lodge occupied by Maximilian was taken bodily up and put down somewhere else, and in its place arose a miniature palace in the middle of a large garden laid out with tiff-symmetrical beds and terraces with a flight of high steps. It took nearly ten



PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN, BY PIEFO DELLA FRANCESCA, IN THE MUSÉE POLDI-PEZZOLI, MILAN
From "L'Image de la Femme." (Hachette)

Italian sixteenth century, so the eighteenth century must be conceded to France and England—Greuze, Fragonard, Watteau, Hogarth (scarce a name this to conjure up visions of beauty, but M. Dayot is concerned primarily with woman, and perhaps shares the opinion of the essayist who committed himself to the saying that "to be a woman is to be beautiful"), Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney and Lawrence, how much would a book of beauty lose were they omitted, but the author has been generous in affording them space. With the nineteenth century we come to David, Hoppner, Madame Vigée Lebrun, Gerard, Ingres and Winterhalter—a catholic collection truly to begin with, and the last mentioned one hardly associates with beautiful women, interesting historically though his work may be. The end of the century, then, brings us to Bonnat, Carolus Duran, Dagnan Bouveret, with the English school but meagrely represented, Rossetti, John Lavery, and the delicate crayon studies of the Marchioness of Granby (there is, by the way, a curious mistake in calling Mrs. Patrick Campbell Mrs. Langtry)—these are all who are honoured with mention or with reproduction. Some allowance must be made for M. Dayot's nationality, and he has been generous in other epochs, but this selection is a little invidious. The book is written pleasantly, fluently, and with knowledge. It is neither too technical nor, though it contains much personal matter about the artists laid under contribution, is it padded out with trivial anecdotes. Rather the writer tries to show the temperaments of the painters, and how their personalities affected their work and their choices of subject. Primarily, though, "L'Image de la Femme" is, as its name implies, a picture book, and its scope, no less than the luxurious manner in which it is produced, commend it at once. ("L'Image de la Femme." Par Armand Dayot, Inspecteur des Beaux Arts. Librairie Hachette.)

"The Romance of Ludwig II. of Bavaria"

THIS profusely illustrated, and, in the main, well-written, volume contains not only the story of the unhappy career and tragic death of the mad ruler of one of the most picturesque and romantic peoples of the German Empire, but illustrates, in a marked degree, the gradual development of a hereditary taint, which in the father and grandfather was evidenced by their pronounced peculiarities—peculiarities which, in persons of a lower degree, or of less artistic and poetic natures, might have been called by a harder name—but in their descendant were carried to such extreme lengths that they could only be considered the outcome of a disordered brain.

The second Ludwig's madness took very much the same form as the peculiarities of his grandfather; they both worshipped art, the one more or less sanely, the other insanely; they both suffered from the "building mania," but the first Ludwig erected art galleries and improved the city of Munich for the benefit of his subjects and of posterity, whereas his grandson built fairy palaces from which all but his immediate attendants were excluded to satisfy his own romantic yet purely selfish tastes. Ludwig II. certainly did a great deal for Wagner, and at a time when the latter was most in need of encouragement, and also for the "music of the future," but it is a moot point whether the influence exercised by the musician over the mind of the King was altogether for his good, as it decidedly was not for the finances of his country.

Wagner not only benefited himself by the King's generosity, but he also gathered many friends round him to participate in his good fortune. At last a day came when the Munichers could no longer put up with the ever-increasing extravagances of Wagner, for which they or their King had to pay.

The people, rightly or wrongly, probably incited by the Press, had come to consider Richard Wagner as their young Monarch's evil genius. They were ripe

* "The Romance of Ludwig II. of Bavaria." By Frances Gerard. (Hutchinson.)

years to build this copy of the Trianon, but it is a vast improvement upon the original. Linderhof is a dream of luxury and splendour; "every inch of wall and ceiling glows with a beauty of colour and a harmony of arrangement which takes the visitor by surprise." It is almost oppressive to find so much splendour in an out-of-the-way forest.

Linderhof was not half finished when Ludwig began to build Herrenchiemsee, the most magnificent of all his palaces. Miss Gerard says:—

If it had been the one work of the King's life it would have been a fitting memorial for any monarch to leave the country; but as it was the third, the nation did not feel particularly grateful. Moreover, to build such a palace in a desolate region like Herrenchiemsee was unpardonable stupidity. There was nothing to attract but the forest. Versailles had a meaning . . . but Herrenchiemsee, with its magnificent apartments, wherein the sound of voices was never heard, the grand staircases up which no one came—why was such a castle built to shed its brightness on a desert-like Herrenchiemsee? Why, indeed! The King was not a sane man, is the only answer to such a question.

The hall of mirrors beats the record of even Ludwig's extravagance. In this gallery there hangs thirty-three golden clusters, containing 2,500 lights. Our readers must see the illustrations to be able to appreciate the magnificence of this building.

On June 8, 1886, the King was declared by four doctors to be insane. A commission was appointed to go to Neuschwanstein to inform the King that a Regent had been appointed, and that he was to be confined in one of his palaces. The King was taken to Berg, on the Lake of Starnberg, and there took place his tragic death. He went out for a walk with the doctor in whose charge he had been placed. Neither of them came back. A search was made, and first of all the King's body was found, in his shirt-sleeves, and little later that of Dr. Gudden. The King's body showed no marks of violence, but the doctor's face was covered with scratches; there was a large bruise over his eye, and the nail of one of his fingers had been torn off. The theory is that the King, in a sudden paroxysm of madness, rushed into the water, and that Dr. Gudden ran after him to save him. But Ludwig would not be saved, and in the death struggle he kept his adversary under the water until he was dead, and then drowned himself.



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. SMITH

The ladies of Cape Colony vie with each other in making offerings to troops on the way to the front. At Port Elizabeth they gave a Christmas dinner to all the troops and bluejackets who were stationed at the time in the town. The entertainment took place in the Feather Market Hall. At Cape Town an association has

been formed, the object of which is to meet the incoming transports and provide the soldiers with light refreshments, tobacco, matches, and other necessities

A CHRISTMAS DINNER GIVEN TO TROOPS AT PORT ELIZABETH BY LADIES



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT A. G. GIRDWOOD

A correspondent writes:—"After being at sea for between two and three weeks, the men, who had passed days in conjecturing what has been going on at the front, bought and read with the greatest eagerness the papers brought on board by the boys

A RUSH FOR NEWS: THE FIRST NEWSBOY ON BOARD A TRANSPORT AT CAPE TOWN

The Care of the Wounded

WHATEVER may be thought as to the conduct of the war itself, there can be no two questions as to the conduct of the arrangements made for its victims. Probably never before in the history of warfare have the wounded been cared for as they have been in this campaign, the first struggle which has taken place between European races armed with the deadliest modern weapons of precision. Money, doctors, ships, hospitals at the bases and in the field—all have been provided, promptly and plentifully; the "medical comforts" have been of the best; among the doctors some of the most skilful of our surgeons have placed their services at the disposal of the country and its sons who stand in need of them. Sir William MacCormac is in South Africa, and, having visited the Natal hospitals, is now in the Cape Colony making a round of all the hospitals there, those in the field with Gatacre, French and Methuen, and those at the bases, such as De Aar, and, of course, that at Wynberg, near Cape Town, which has been transformed from a military camp into a convenient and spacious base hospital. Mr. Treves is in Natal giving his personal attention to the serious cases from General Buller's army, and there are many others. The members of the Army Medical Corps, some of whom have lost their lives on the battlefield while unflinchingly doing their duty, have never shown greater zeal and devotion, and time and again



The steamer *Greeks* arrived last Saturday at Southampton from Durban. She had on board a number of invalid and wounded men, of whom this group is thoroughly characteristic. The tall man on the left with an amputated arm is Private Coyle, Dublin Fusiliers, who was wounded in the armoured train action, and caused by Mr. Winston Churchill. The man on the right, who has lost a leg, is Private O'Callaghan, Yorks Regiment, who was wounded at Colenso. Our illustration is from a photograph, taken on the voyage home, by Mr. M. E. Smallwood, Surgeon in Charge.

INVALIDS AND WOUNDED ON BOARD THE S.S. "GREEK"

mention has been made of the coolness and gallantry of the coolie stretcher-bearers, who—of the Mottler River battle, for instance—have not hesitated to face the hail of Mauser bullets which swept the open ground on their errand of mercy and succour.

Strange as it may seem, the losses in killed and wounded have not been anything like so heavy as had been anticipated in view of the terrible nature of the weapons employed. Sir William MacCormac has pronounced the Mauser to be a "gentlemanly bullet." The wounds it makes are not shattering wounds, but clean, small punctures, which, when not in a vital place, can be dealt with easily. Even when occurring in spots where the Martini or older bullets would bring certain death, the Mauser wound is by no means hopeless. The *Maine*, that magnificent contribution of our American cousins to the relief of our wounded, is now in port at the Cape, and upon her and other hospital ships every possible provision has been made for the comfort of those who have been struck down on the battlefield, or have been laid low by disease.

Several ships have returned to our own shores with freights of sick and wounded; and here, needless to say—at Netley or elsewhere—the victims of war are tended with all the care that science, skill, and wealth can command, and with the sympathy of their fellow-countrymen at home, whose battles they have fought in South Africa.



This group consists of men of the Royal Irish Rifles, Northumberland Fusiliers, Royal Scots, and Royal Artillery, wounded at the battle of Stormberg. WOUNDED ON THE HOSPITAL SHIP "TROJAN"

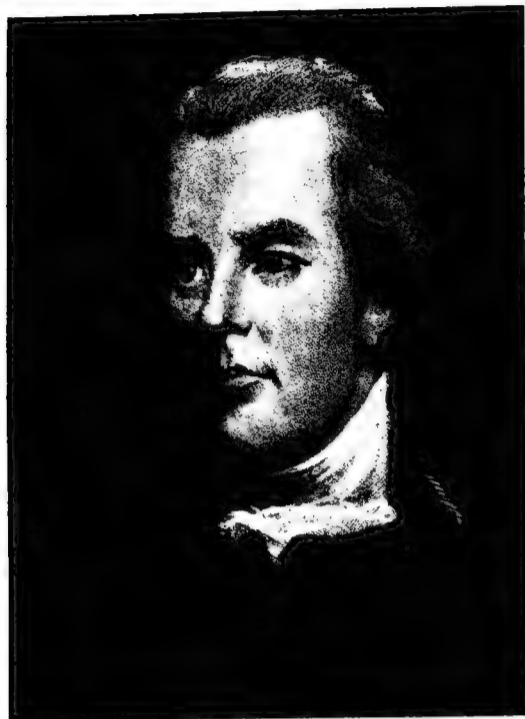


Colonel Winter, A.S.C. Major Percival, R.A. Major McClintock. In command of Berkshire Mounted Infantry. A GROUP OF OFFICERS ON THE HOSPITAL SHIP "TROJAN"

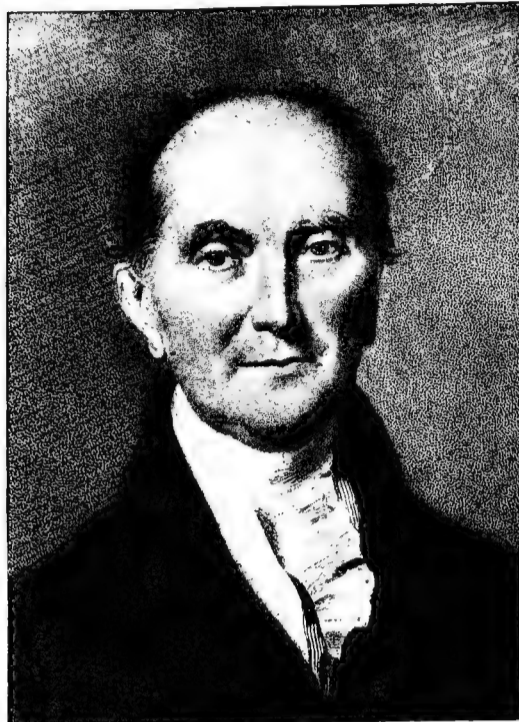
THROUGH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—XIII.

BRITISH PRIME MINISTERS

By JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P.



1783-1801 and 1804-1806
WILLIAM PITT
From the Painting by Hoppner



1801-1804
HENRY ADDINGTON, VISCOUNT SIDMOUTH
From the Painting by G. Richmond



1806-1807
LORD GRENVILLE
From the Painting by J. Jackson, R.A.

THE century opened with William Pitt the younger at the head of the Government. There was indeed for three years the shadowy Administration of Henry Addington, afterwards Lord Sidmouth, a fact which has to be noted for the sake of historical accuracy in the first instance, and also because of the absurdity of the situation which showed the rule of Pitt interrupted by the nominal rule of Addington. Addington had been Speaker of the House of Commons before he became Prime Minister, and this curious fact gave Sheridan an opportunity for one of his happiest Parliamentary hits. England was then embroiled in the Continental wars which had sprung out of the French Revolution and the rise of Napoleon. Sheridan made a speech in the House of Commons, in the course of which he pictured the embarrassment of Addington trying to control the affairs of Europe and occasionally confounding the duties of Prime Minister with the more familiar functions of Speaker. He described Addington casting bewildered eyes over the struggling nationalities on the Continent, and proclaiming in loud official tones, "The Germans to the right, the French to the left," or pointing to some particular frontier line suddenly threatened with invasion,

trouble to England. Minute criticism of Pitt's foreign policy during such a period would be useless and thankless labour. Enough to say that Pitt steered the ship safely through the storms, and enabled those who came after him to steer her safely still when his hand had become cold in death. It must be remembered, too, that Pitt had to struggle against difficulties which would not have harassed one of Elizabeth's Ministers. Where history has to record any failure in Pitt's domestic policy it has to record also the fact that the failure was due mainly, or altogether, to the obstinacy and perverseness of George III. Pitt was far too enlightened not to be in favour of Catholic Emancipation, and he would have served the cause of religious liberty and saved the Empire much trouble and dissension if he had been allowed to have his way. But the King would not allow Pitt to have his way, and Catholic Emancipation was left for settlement until a later day, not without the danger of civil war meantime.

When Pitt died the Administration was formed which became known as "All the talents," and had Lord Grenville for its leader. Grenville was an enlightened man who had shared most of Pitt's

Palmerston then, for the first time, held Ministerial office. That was in 1807, and a man of scarcely more than middle-age now might well remember Palmerston as Prime Minister of England, and in the full enjoyment of physical health and of unimpaired mental faculties. Spencer Perceval, who succeeded, was killed in the Lobby of the House, shot by a crazy creature who believed he had a grievance against the Prime Minister, and nurtured it until he became a homicidal maniac.

The Earl of Liverpool's long Administration followed. Lord Liverpool is one of the statesmen whose career and character create almost a factious discussion down to our own time. The more common estimate of him is that he was a reactionary in home and foreign politics. His name is certainly identified with a long series of repressive and coercive measures in domestic legislation, forming a chapter which stands almost alone in modern English history. Yet it cannot be doubted that Liverpool had advanced views, for his time, on the great question of Free Trade, and his own inclinations were strongly in favour of a liberalised tariff, although it was his misfortune that an increase in the duty on corn



1807-1809
THE DUKE OF PORTLAND
From the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds



1809-1811 and 1811-1812
SPENCER PERCEVAL
From the Painting by Sir W. Beechey, R.A.



1812-1820 and 1820-1827
THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL
From the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence

and authoritatively announcing that "Strangers must withdraw." It is not necessary to say much more about Addington's Administration. Any events of moment which took place would have taken place just the same whether Addington had been in office or out. Pitt came back to office in 1804, and remained there until his death in 1806. The fame of Pitt is quite secure. He was one of the greatest statesmen and orators England ever had. He lived in times that might have overtasked the nerves, the patience, the courage, and the intellectual resources of almost any man. Since the days of Elizabeth there never was a period of such foreign

views on home and foreign questions. He had been a colleague of Pitt in office for several years, and he resigned with Pitt, in 1801, when George III. would not admit Catholic Emancipation. Grenville's Administration will be remembered chiefly because it accomplished the Abolition of the Slave Trade. It will be remembered also because it included amongst its members Charles James Fox, Lord Erskine, and Charles Grey, the Earl Grey of the first Reform Bill. Fox's death, in 1806, led to many changes, and the Duke of Portland came to the head of the Government. His Administration has its principal interest in the fact that Lord

had to be adopted as one of the measures of his Government. He may, perhaps, be fairly described as a reactionary in foreign politics, who regarded with dread and detestation the whole principles of the French Revolution, and believed the growth of Liberal principles in England was simply an afterbirth of the Republican movement in France. Where his judgment was not wholly obscured and perverted by his horror of what were considered French Revolutionary principles, he may be admitted to have had some expanded and enlightened ideas. Unfortunately he lived at a time when everything was coloured by the flame of the French Revolution, and loyalty to

the Sovereign came to be identified in the minds of many statesmen with repression of the people. During Lord Liverpool's Administration George III. came with darkened eyes and mind to the end of his long and troublous reign, and George IV. succeeded.

An Administration was formed in 1827 at the head of which stood George Canning, one of the greatest statesmen and orators England has ever known. Canning's position as head of a Government was but the consummation of his long career as Foreign Minister. It might almost be said that what we now regard as a liberal foreign

policy—the word liberal is not used here in a partisan sense—came into existence with George Canning. The Sovereigns of continental Europe had set up their Holy Alliance to guarantee the territories of each other against the growth of popular principles. Canning set himself resolutely to oppose the principles of the Holy Alliance and to throw the whole weight of England's influence, so far as that influence could properly be used in foreign affairs, on the side of popular liberty and peace. It was he who, to use his own magnificent phrase, called in the New World to redress the balance of the Old, in other words appealed to the sympathies of the great American Republic to resist the attempts of the French and Spanish Bourbons to recover sovereignty over their possessions across the Atlantic. Canning's was the inspiration which suggested the idea of the Monroe doctrine—the doctrine proclaimed by President Monroe that the American Republic could not regard with indifference any attempt on the part of a European Sovereign to set up a monarchy on American soil against the wishes of the population. Much mistaken criticism has been given to the Monroe doctrine, but it is now generally understood that it had no purpose other

than that which I have described, and that the first suggestion of it came from the statesmanlike mind of Canning. To Canning also is due, in great measure, the independence of Greece, practically completed in our own day by the union of Crete with the parent State. Canning did not live to see the freedom of Greece from the Ottoman rule. He died before the battle of Navarino had set up the kingdom of Greece. Canning was in favour of equal laws and of religious equality at home, and in co-operation with his friend Huskisson he did much to put the finances of the country on a sound footing and in the direction of Free Trade.

He was one of the three Prime Ministers who, during this century, may be regarded as parliamentary orators of the very highest order—Pitt, Canning, and Gladstone. Lord Goderich became head of a Government for a few months, and it is not necessary to say more here of his Administration than

Grey and by Lord John Russell. The Duke of Wellington continued to hold office after William IV. had come to the throne, but the popular movement was too strong for even him. Wellington stood by what he considered to be the old principles of the constitution, and his idea of duty was simply that of the obedience of a soldier to his commander. The commander for a time was William IV., and he seemed determined not to give in to the popular clamour for a reform in the Parliamentary system. The Duke had, however, shown that he possessed much of that practical sagacity in the business of statesmanship which he had always displayed in the business of war. He had been quick in his appreciation of Robert Peel's wisdom and genius, and



1827
GEORGE CANNING
From the Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence



1827-1828
LORD GODERICH (AFTERWARDS EARL OF RIFON)
From the Painting by Holmes



1828-1830
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON



1830-1834
CHARLES, EARL GREY

he saw with Peel when the time had come to yield to the demand for Catholic Emancipation rather than expose the country to the risk of a civil war. The Duke's one honest purpose in political life was to see that the King's Government should be carried on, and he frankly declared that he had seen too much of war abroad to be willing to encounter war at home. At a crisis of that kind he saw his way clearly enough, and was ready as far as possible to overrule the will of even the King himself. But he did not see the danger which was threatened by the Reform Bill agitation, and he therefore allowed William IV. to have his way. He found it, however, impossible to carry on the work of administration in opposition to the great reforming movement, and it became evident that the leaders of the Reform party must have their chance.

In November, 1830, Lord Grey became Prime Minister. Charles Grey as a young man had sat at the feet of Fox, and had distinguished himself as a champion and a spokesman of the Reform agitation. He was a man of lofty, unbending character, and master of a style of eloquence which only fell short of that displayed by Pitt and Fox, Burke and Canning. Brougham, the impassioned



1834 and 1835-1841
LORD MELBOURNE



1834-1835 and 1841-1846
SIR ROBERT PEEL



1846-1852 and 1865-1866
LORD JOHN (AFTERWARDS EARL) RUSSELL

and domineering advocate of Reform, became Lord Chancellor, and Lord John Russell, who held a subordinate post in the Administration, was entrusted with the charge of the Reform Bill in the House of Commons. The history of England for some two years became the history of the Reform struggle. The anti-Reform party in both Houses resisted the movement as long as they could. The country was thrown into a political convulsion, and it can hardly be doubted that at one moment England was brought within measurable distance of civil war. The King at last gave way, and the Reform Bill was carried, and the principle of Parliamentary

that he had Huskisson and Palmerston among his colleagues. The Duke of Wellington succeeded him as first Minister of the Crown in 1828, and the Duke had Sir Robert Peel and Huskisson to assist him. George IV. died, and was succeeded by William IV., and then set in the great Reform struggle, which was led by Lord

representation was established which has been gradually developing ever since.

Viscount Melbourne became Prime Minister in 1834. The feeling of quietude which naturally succeeded to the triumph of the Reform agitation was peculiarly favourable to the Administration of a man like Lord Melbourne. Melbourne had better intellectual gifts than most people now seem inclined to give him credit for, but he was not a man suited to the Government of a country during a season of high pressure and storm. He loved a life of book reading, genial society, and gossip. He had much

creed of the Manchester School, as it was called, and at last he brought in his great measure for the abolition of the import duty on foreign corn. Peel carried his measure, but the Opposition, by opposing his introduction of a Coercion Act for Ireland, secured the support of

office in it, and that Benjamin Disraeli became conspicuous as one of its most bitter opponents. Peel never held office again, and died by a fall from his horse in 1850.

Lord John Russell followed Peel as Prime Minister. Lord John Russell's fame rests, however, not so much on his work while Prime Minister as upon the services to many a great reforming cause which he rendered while holding subordinate office or while acting as the Leader of Opposition. Lord Derby, who had already made his fame in the House of Commons as Lord Stanley, became Prime Minister in 1852, with Mr. Disraeli as his Chancellor of the



1852 and 1858-1859 and 1866-1868
EDWARD GEOFFREY, 14TH EARL OF DERBY
From a Photograph by W. and D. Downey

social and some political tact, and a judgment that saw clearly enough as long as nothing obscured the atmosphere. The wonder which he often expressed in terms half serious, half comic, "why people could not let things alone," has found its way into a sort of proverbial saying in our political history.

Sir Robert Peel held office only for a little time as Prime Minister but it was evident to everyone that he was destined to play a great part in the Administration of Imperial affairs. Lord Melbourne, however, had another interval of power, and was at the head of affairs when William IV. died and Queen Victoria ascended the Throne. The Queen behaved very graciously to Lord Melbourne, for whom she had a warm personal regard, and who showed a deep devotion to her under the new conditions of Sovereignty so trying to a young woman. Under Lord Melbourne was achieved the great reform in the postal system which established a cheap and equal rate of postage through the country. Sir Robert Peel became Prime Minister in 1841. Peel's Administration fell upon a period of extreme difficulty in domestic affairs. Peel was undoubtedly one of the great statesmen of the century.



1852-1855
THE EARL OF ABERDEEN
From a Photograph by Mayall



1868 and 1874-1880
BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD
From a Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street



1855-1858 and 1859-1865
HENRY JOHN TEMPLE, VISCOUNT PALMERSTON

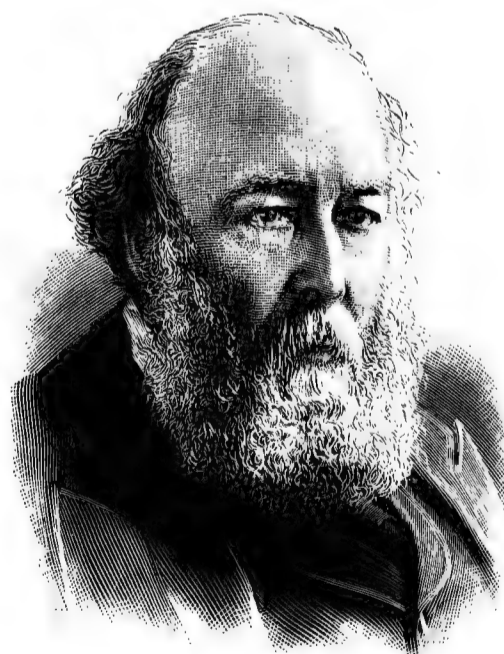
Exchequer. His Ministry did not last long, and was defeated on Disraeli's Budget. Lord Aberdeen then became Prime Minister, but Lord Aberdeen's Ministry fell upon troublous times, and came in for the Crimean War. Lord Aberdeen was called upon to bear the responsibility for the breakdown of organisation in the Commissariat Department during the war, he resigned office, and Lord Palmerston who, to adopt his own phrase, had become inevitable was called upon to form a Government. Lord Palmerston was one of the most successful managers of Parliament the century has seen. He went in for what was called a spirited foreign policy, not that he was by any means a reckless advocate of war and the extension of territory, but that he favoured popular movements on the Continent. His whole training had been in foreign affairs, and yet, when during one short interval he consented to become Home Secretary, he showed remarkable aptitude for the unfamiliar duties. Lord Palmerston had the assistance of Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and through Mr. Gladstone a liberal and equal treaty was adopted, part of which was the Commercial Treaty with France suggested by Richard Cobden. Mr. Gladstone also con-



1868-1874, 1880-1885, 1886, and 1892-1894
W. E. GLADSTONE
From a Photograph by S. A. Walker, Regent Street



1894-1895
THE EARL OF ROSEBERY
From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Foker Street

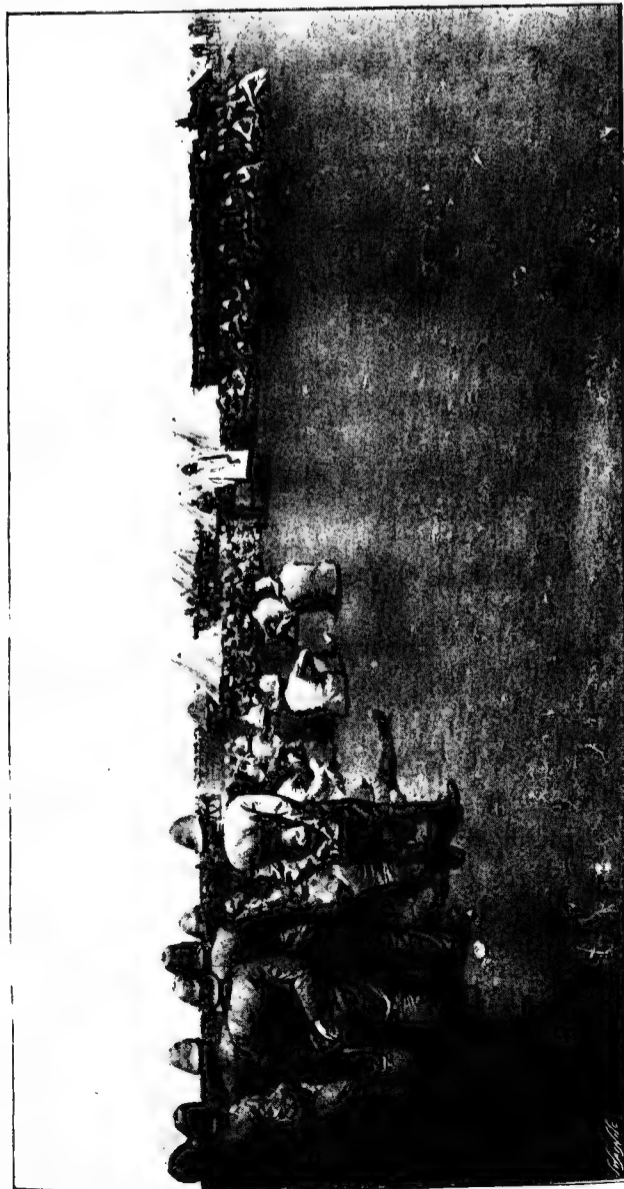


1885-1886, 1886-1892, and 1895
THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY
From a Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street

The load of taxation bequeathed to the country by the long war against Napoleon had become intolerable, and the agitation for Free Trade had sprung up, led by such men as Richard Cobden and John Bright. The agitation for the Repeal of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland was going on under the leadership of Daniel O'Connell, and there were grim forebodings of that Irish famine which afterwards became a reality. Peel was, above all things, a statesman who could learn from the living evidences around him. He studied the conditions of political life as a scientific man might study a subject, and he learned that England could not thrive without Free Trade. He accepted and adopted the

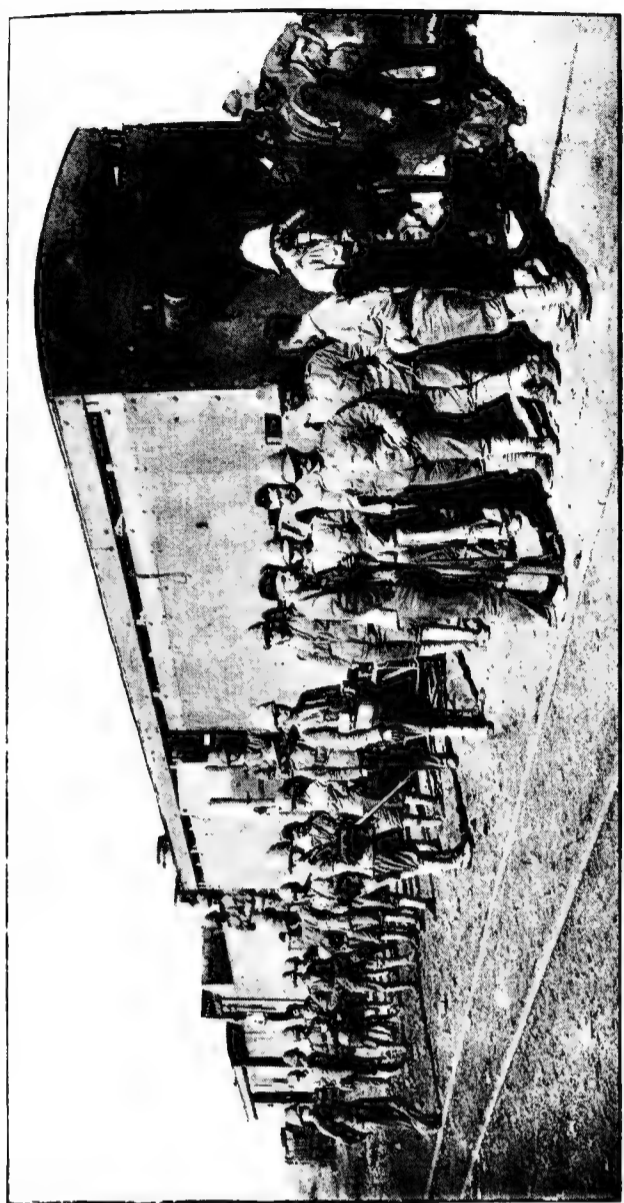
the Irish National representatives and many Liberal votes, and he was defeated and compelled to resign. His Administration was made remarkable in history not only by the great triumph of Free Trade, but also by the fact that William Ewart Gladstone held

summed a series of measures for the relief of popular education from impost, by the abolition of the duty on paper which had made cheap journals impossible in England. When Lord Palmerston died in 1865 Earl Russell became Prime Minister, and with Mr. Gladstone introduced a Bill for the Extension of the Suffrage in Parliamentary Elections so as to take in a certain proportion of the working classes. The Bill went too far for the Conservatives and for some of the less advanced Liberals, while it did not go far enough for the Radicals, and it was defeated, with the result that Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone resigned, and Lord Derby and Mr.



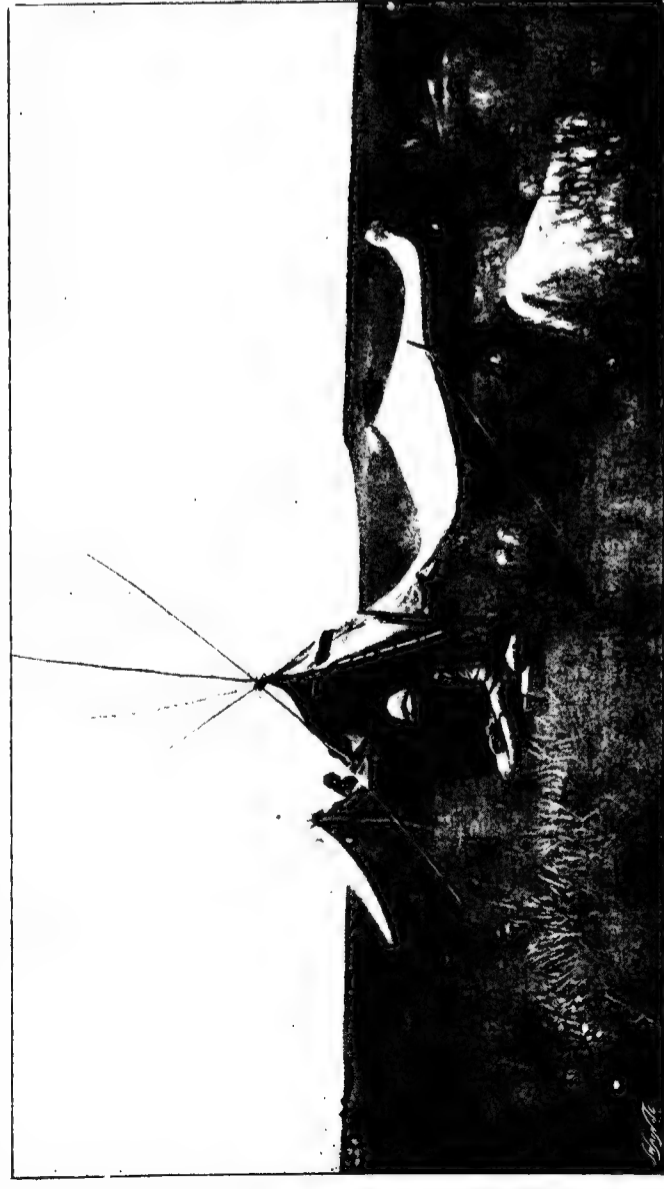
It is an impressive sight at home to see a large body of troops brought together for worship on Sunday in ruins, and strangers are always struck with the heartiness of the service and with the reverential and attentive demeanour of soldiers. The scene is much more stirring, however, when the men are on active service and may be engaged in a big battle within a few hours. Our photograph, which is by our special photographer, Reinhold Thiele, was taken at Modder River camp

DIVINE SERVICE IN CAMP ON SUNDAY



Never before has the armoured train played so prominent a part in warfare as it has during the campaign in South Africa. Wherever there has been a railway available, there has been one of these travelling fortresses making reconnaissances. Even at Mafeking an armoured train was improvised by Colonel R. S. Baden-Powell, in the absence of a properly constructed train. Our photograph is by our special photographer, Reinhold Thiele

A RECONNOITRING PARTY: THE ARMURED TRAIN AT MAGERSFONTEIN



After the battle of Modder River the officers rigged up shelters with blankets. As may be seen the style of shelter varied according to the different masers' ideas. Our photograph is by Lieutenant Toppin

AFTER THE BATTLE



The greatest care has to be taken of horses in a campaign, especially if the battlefield be South Africa. Save in exceptional cases horses are never watered before 7.30 a.m. or after 5.30 a.m., for fear of a form of horse-sickness, to which the animals are very liable. On the horizon of this picture can be seen the Boer fort and trenches, which formed the centre of the enemy's position, and were demolished by our artillery. Our photograph is by our special photographer, Reinhold Thiele

AFTER THE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER: CAVALRY WATERING THEIR HORSES

WITH LORD METHUEN'S FORCE ON ITS WAY TO RELIEVE KIMBERLEY

Disraeli came into power and carried a Reform Bill rather more Liberal in character than that which Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone had failed to carry. Lord Derby shortly after resigned in consequence of failing health, and Mr. Disraeli at last became Prime Minister. The General Elections of 1868 gave a majority to the Liberals, and in support of Mr. Gladstone's movement for the Disestablishment of the Irish State Church. Gladstone formed a Ministry in which Bright held office, and he abolished the Irish State Church, introduced the first great reform of the Land Tenure in Ireland, set up for the first time a scheme of national education, and carried a Bill to make vote by ballot a part of our election system. The energy of Reform had spent its force, however, by the time of the General Election in 1874, and Mr. Disraeli, afterwards Lord Beaconsfield, formed an Administration, of which the Marquis of Salisbury was a leading member. The Disraeli Administration appeared to have obtained a splendid triumph at the Congress of Berlin, whence, as Lord Beaconsfield himself declared, they had brought home "Peace with Honour." But in Afghanistan and in South Africa there had been many harassing troubles. Trade was depressed everywhere, the Government could not do much in domestic affairs to strengthen their popularity, and when the General Election came on in 1880 the Liberals were brought back to power. Gladstone formed an Administration which lasted until 1885, and then the Marquis of Salisbury formed a short-lived Administration, with Sir Stafford Northcote (Lord Iddesleigh) and Lord Randolph Churchill among his colleagues. Gladstone came back into power in February, 1886, and introduced his Irish Home Rule Bill, which was defeated in the House of Commons on its second reading in the following July. Gladstone resigned office, and Lord Salisbury came back to power, which he held until 1892, having in the meantime carried a Local Government Bill for Great Britain, when he resigned on a vote of want of confidence. Gladstone came back into office and introduced a new Home Rule Bill for Ireland. This Bill was carried through the House of Commons, but was defeated in the House of Lords, and with this defeat Mr. Gladstone's great public career may be said to have

majority in the House of Commons were influenced by amiable desire to remove that impression. However it be, it is certain that their reception of Mr. Balfour on Tuesday afternoon was more than usually hearty. He was evidently as pleased as he was surprised.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman also had his cheer when he arrived, a hearty testimony to the universality of his personal popularity. Last of all Sir William Harcourt came also, his arrival leading to a little comedy of the subtle kind only the House of Commons can produce and fully enjoy. When the stately figure of the ex-Leader of the Opposition was observed slowly emerging from behind the Speaker's Chair, a friend on a back Bench on the Opposition side raised a cheer. Several voices joined in. Then the Irish members, who mustered in considerable force, with the customary large proportion of leaders, broke in with boisterous applause. Everyone knew this was not evidence that they loved Sir William Harcourt the more. They felt that a demonstration of this character might be annoying to his successor in the Leadership, and would serve to mark the division of parties in the Opposition camp on the subject of the war.

The House of Lords, in their business-like fashion, disposed of the Address after debate that did not last more than two hours, a space of time that in the other House did not fully suffice. Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice for the delivery of his individual contribution to the discussion. The debate would have been shorter still but for the tone of Lord Salisbury's remarks, which brought Lord Rosebery into the fray. The Premier, as often happens when he is deeply stirred, affected that light, airy manner which finds reflection in his nephew's attitude in similar circumstances. Lord Kimberley having enlarged upon the amazing lack of information of the Boer position shown by the custodians of the State, Lord Salisbury turned upon him with the retort, "You cannot see through a brick wall," a colloquial phrase and a form of apology for Ministers in existing circumstances that has a close family resemblance to Mr. Balfour's man-in-the-street argument. Lord Rosebery, protesting that he had not, when he entered the House, intended to speak, was brought up by this way of looking at things from high

"Rupert of Hentzau"

By W. MOY THOMAS

SEQUELS are proverbially apt to disappoint the expectations both of novelists and dramatists, but there is good reason to expect that Mr. Anthony Hope's drama, founded upon his story, *Henry Hentzau*, with which the newly reconstructed and handsomely redecorated St. JAMES's Theatre, re-opened its doors on Thursday evening, will prove an exception to this rule. It opens, it is true, a new series of adventures at the Court of Ruritania, and finds an irrepressible Rudolf Rassendyll and the charming Queen Flay involved in a further series of complications, which must be a trial to obscure spectators whose memories are not charged with the details of the story of *The Prisoner of Zenda*; but the sequel is a more fruitful in dramatic situations than its predecessor, and is certainly not behind it in those ingenious surprises, and, above all, in that sustained movement which are the essential qualities in a play of this kind. The elder Dumas has obviously been the author's inspiring influence, and few can fail to note reminiscences of the immortal Musketeer in the story of the enterprising and indefatigable efforts of Rassendyll and his faithful associates to waylay the Queen's imprudent letter and the little box and rose, or, at least, to prevent these compromising articles from falling into the hands of Rassendyll's double, the weak, irresolute, and half-crazy King. The notion of making Rassendyll avail himself once more of his marvellous resemblance to the King, in order to intercept the letter entrusted to the hands of the wily Count Rupert's tool, Kischenheim, is an essentially Dumasian stroke; though, unfortunately, the overpowering resemblance between Mr. George Alexander and Mr. B. C. Roe is rather taken for granted than shown. Dumas, however, is himself out-distanced in the daringly melodramatic episode at the King's hunting lodge, in which both the King and his faithful Huntsman Simon are shot in their flight with Rupert and his confidant. The notion that all that remains of the King's fate, not to speak of that of his faithful boarder



THE DUKE OF SOMERSET
Moyer



THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY
Seconder



CAPTAIN PRETYMAN
Moyer



MR. H. PIKE PEASE
 Secunder

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS

come to an end. He did not indeed resign power on the defeat of the Bill, but in March, 1894, he delivered a speech in the House of Commons in which he made it clear that his resolve was to bequeath to others the task of carrying on the Liberal movement. He died in May, 1898. The Earl of Rosebery succeeded him as Prime Minister, but only held office for a short time, and in June, 1895, he resigned in consequence of an adverse vote on the question of the supply of cordite to the Army. Lord Salisbury came back to power, after a General Election, and remains in power at the present moment.

places. In unusually grave manner he, whilst agreeing that the war must be carried through to the end, ventured to say that the enterprise would have to be inspired by a loftier tone and a truer patriotism than the House of Lords had been able to detect in the speech of the Prime Minister.

This unpremeditated utterance turned out to be the bitterest thing said from the Opposition side in the course of debate in either House. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, like Lord Kimberley, was evidently weighted with the responsibility of his position. He could not strike at maladministration in departments of the State without danger of hampering the Government in the life-and-death struggle in which the country is now engaged in South Africa. Only once did the debate in the Commons openly break forth into party polemics. The fierceness of the sudden outbreak showed how thin is the surface on which politicians daintily tread. In the course of his speech the Leader of the Opposition repeated, on his own behalf and on behalf of those with whom he acted, "our readiness to support the prosecution of this war with vigour and with untinted means in order that, as rapidly as possible, the integrity of the Queen's dominions may be vindicated and a successful issue obtained." Mr. Balfour, when he came to reply, attempted to read into this declaration an announcement of Liberal policy to confine the war to the operation of dislodging the invader in Natal, and there making an end of it. An animated conversation passed across the table, Sir H. Campbell Bannerman resenting this construction placed upon his words, and Mr. Balfour gradually withdrawing from the position of Party advantage he had assumed.

The debate on the Address has occupied the week now closing, and may be confidently counted upon to fill up that which is to follow.

Our portraits of the Movers and Seconders o' the Address are by the following:—The Duke of Somerset and Captain Pretyma are by A. Bassano, Old Bond Street; the Earl of Shaftesbury by Dickinson and Foster, New Bond Street; Mr. H. Pike Pease by J. Bacon, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Our portraits of officers of the Yeomanry and City Imperial Volunteers are by the following:—Captain A. Rees, Colonel H. C. Cholmondeley, by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; Captain Mosley, Leigh, G. Watson, Woster, Chester; Lieutenant-Colonel Milford, by M. Jaccotte, Kensington; Captain Gordon Wood, by R. L. Bartlett, Shrewsbury; Captain Parkin, by E. F. Richards, Warth; Major Maxwell Sherston, by Bassano, Bond Street; Captain K. R. Balfour, by Debenham and Gould, Bournemouth; Lieutenant-Colonel Myric, by Lambert Weston and Co., Fokestone; Captain J. B. Gilliat, by Frederick Downer, Watford; Major R. F. Trench-Gascoigne, by T. Fall, Baker Street; Captain H. C. Dugdale, by Graham, Leamington Spa; Sir Simeon H. L. Stuart, by Chancellor and Son, Dublin; Captain J. B. Se-ley, by Vander Weyde, Regent Street; Captain R. B. Fman, by Bourne and Shepherd, Bombay; Captain H. W. Harris, by Bassano, Old Bond Street; Major H. S. Dalbiac, by the Army and Navy Auxiliary Co-operative Store, Limited; Captain Harrison, by Lafayette, Dublin; Lord Chesham, by Russell and Sons, Baker Street; Captain C. L. Marks, by Vander Weyde; Vi-count Valentin, by Hills and Saunders, Oxford; Major Leroy Lewis, by Costa, Bournemouth; the Duke of Marlborough and Major Bagot, by Bassano, Old Bond Street; Major Hermon Hodge, by Salmon, Reading; Mr. A. Frapp, by Jerrard, Regent Street, W.; and Captain Orr, by W. Gregory and Co., Strand.

supposed to disappear through the firing of the forest lodge and the consequent burning of the bodies, approaches in its extravagance and perhaps, dangerously near to the confines of the ludicrous; but fortunately the minds of the spectators are at this point sufficiently attuned to the key of romantic daring to carry the episode safely through. The fight in the room of the Palace at Strelsau between Rassendyll and the sinister Rupert for possession of the Queen's ring delighted the spectators as a brilliant fencing scene, but even more by its succession of exciting details, and the ingenuity with which the question of which combatant will ultimately gain possession of the coveted document, was kept in suspense. The death of the arch-schemer Rupert, and the destruction of the passes, at last releases the Queen and her gallant defender from all their anxieties and embarrassments, and as nothing now stands in the way of their union it would seem hard indeed to be balked of that happy ending which is dear to the heart of the romantic spectator; but this is a highly controversial subject which must be left to be argued out by writers who have space at command for that purpose. The drama is acted with great spirit in the true romantic vein. Mr. George Alexander Kudolf of Rassendyll has lost nothing of his gallantry, his romantic fervour, or the inexhaustible appetite for perilous adventure which he displayed when he was last seen among us; and Miss Fay Davis again awakens a strong interest in the tender and confiding Queen Flavia. Mr. H. B. Irving's Rupert could hardly be more sinister, nor Miss Julie Opp's Rosa Holf more picturesquely fierce; while Mr. W. H. Vernon, as Colonel Sapt, Mr. H. V. Esmond, as Fritz von Tarlenheim, and Mr. Sydney Brough, as Lieutenant von Bernenstein, once more rendered excellent aid to the intentions of the authors. The play is handsomely mounted, and is likely to rival in popularity the picturesque and dramatic romance to which it is a sequel.

AT John Hollingshead's benefit at the EMPIRE, on Tuesday morning last, a continuous stream of popular favourites passed in front of the footlights for over four hours. Commencing with "God Save the Queen," sung by Madame Belle Cole, supported by the chorus from DALY'S Theatre, and finishing up with a pathetic little speech by John Hollingshead himself, it would be difficult to find space for even the names of those who appeared to do honour to their old friend. Marie Tempest, Florence St. John, Louie Freear, Mrs. de Wolf Hopper sang, together with Rutland Barrington, Hayden Coffin, Arthur Roberts, and Herbert Sims Reeves; Lionel Brough told amusing stories; the "Trial from Pickwick" was acted with even the jury-box packed with celebrities. The most interesting of all, however, was the appearance of the old GAIETY quartet—Nellie Farren, Kate Vaughan, Terry, and Royce—who, in the final scene, stood side by side, supporting John Hollingshead as he thanked one and all for their kindness in helping to ensure the great success of his benefit performance.

The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

THERE was nothing in the appearance of either House of Parliament on Tuesday to indicate that the nation stands in what Lord Rosebery describes as a parlous state. There were, it is true, a crowd of Members and a rush of strangers eager to find a place whence they might see and hear. But that is a condition of affairs common to the opening day of the ordinary session. For the rest Members seemed in just the usual burst of high spirits, ready to see a joke in the slightest mishap.

One point of difference from ordinary occasions assuredly was found in the reception accorded to leading men. Ever since he entered the House of Commons the Tories have shouted at Mr. Chamberlain. Not more than fifteen years ago the shout habitually took the note of execration. Since 1886 it has been changed. In varied circumstances, whether in the House of Commons or in public halls, the Tories' cheer stifles the sound of the Liberals' applause. For fourteen years, in increasing measure up to the close of last Session, the country party have made their ancient enemy a prime favourite, at least as far as position may be tested by the loudness of their cheer. On Tuesday night the Colonial Secretary was permitted to enter and take his seat without a word of welcome.

It may have been an accident, but its occurrence was more strongly marked by the reception accorded to Mr. Arthur Balfour, who arrived a little later. During the Recess, following his "man-in-the-street" speech, the Leader of the Opposition has learned how much sharper than a serpent's tooth is the tongue of thick-and-thin supporters in the Press when turned upon him. If evidence volunteered a week ago by certain Ministerial journals might be taken as evidence of the attitude of the Party towards its Leader in the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour is utterly discredited. Possibly the

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

It is generally held that the Government will not let up this session unless a very grave disaster should occur. There are no men to replace the present Ministry, and, besides, it would be becoming to overthrow the Government whilst the war continues unless very serious circumstances arise to make it imperative to do so. Pyrrhus sent Cincas to Rome as his Ambassador. When the latter returned, Pyrrhus asked him how the Senate looked. "Like an assembly of kings," he answered. That is the attitude which Parliament will assume at this moment. But what? Much more probable is that the members of the Government will sit like a row of Ministerial Aunt Sallies on the Treasury Bench, and be bombarded with questions, some relevant, the majority irrelevant.

It is to be hoped that the now general exodus to the South of Europe and to Egypt will be abandoned this year by all but those who are obliged to winter abroad on account of their health. The war has very seriously affected trade in almost every direction, and it would be especially cruel were those who are rich to leave the country now, and spend their money on the Continent. That they should stay in Great Britain and spend their money here is a sacrifice which the nation has a right to expect the rich to make on such an occasion.

The discomfiture of trade, moreover, will not be merely of momentary duration. However rapidly we may make progress henceforth in our operations in South Africa, so many must be placed in mourning that the season of 1900 will be a mere phantom. Whether successful or unsuccessful, most of the large houses will be

closed, for death is sure to touch the majority of them if only at a tangent.

Many ask how the war will affect the millionaires. That depends, of course, upon circumstances. It was said several months ago that one South African millionaire expected to add thirty millions of money to his hoard by the capture of Johannesburg, but then he

bound up or fall during its progress. It may be safely predicted now that the vast fortunes which had been, as it were, in sight will have melted very considerably by the time that the millionaires get their hands on the gold. Were we driven into the sea half the palaces in the West End would be for sale.

The conduct of those whose duty it is to tend the wounded in the field deserves to have public attention directed upon it. Almost every letter from the front contains expressions of surprise at the cool, courageous way these men perform their duties, apparently utterly regardless of their own safety, and absorbed in saving the lives of others. The bullets whizz past them, the shells burst overhead or fall almost at their feet, but they are never flurried or disconcerted.

The nation seems to be surprised to learn that the French hate us. They always did; theirs is hereditary hatred. Barras, addressing Napoleon before the Directory in 1797, urged him to "Go, go and enchain this gigantic pirate which weighs upon the seas, go and punish in London outrages too long unpunished." Enlightened French men and women are often devoted to the English and our institutions, though few of them can tolerate England and her climate. But the average French man and woman has inherited hatred for us through the ages, and it is not to be wondered at that our reverses cause them pleasure. We are to them the eternal enemy.

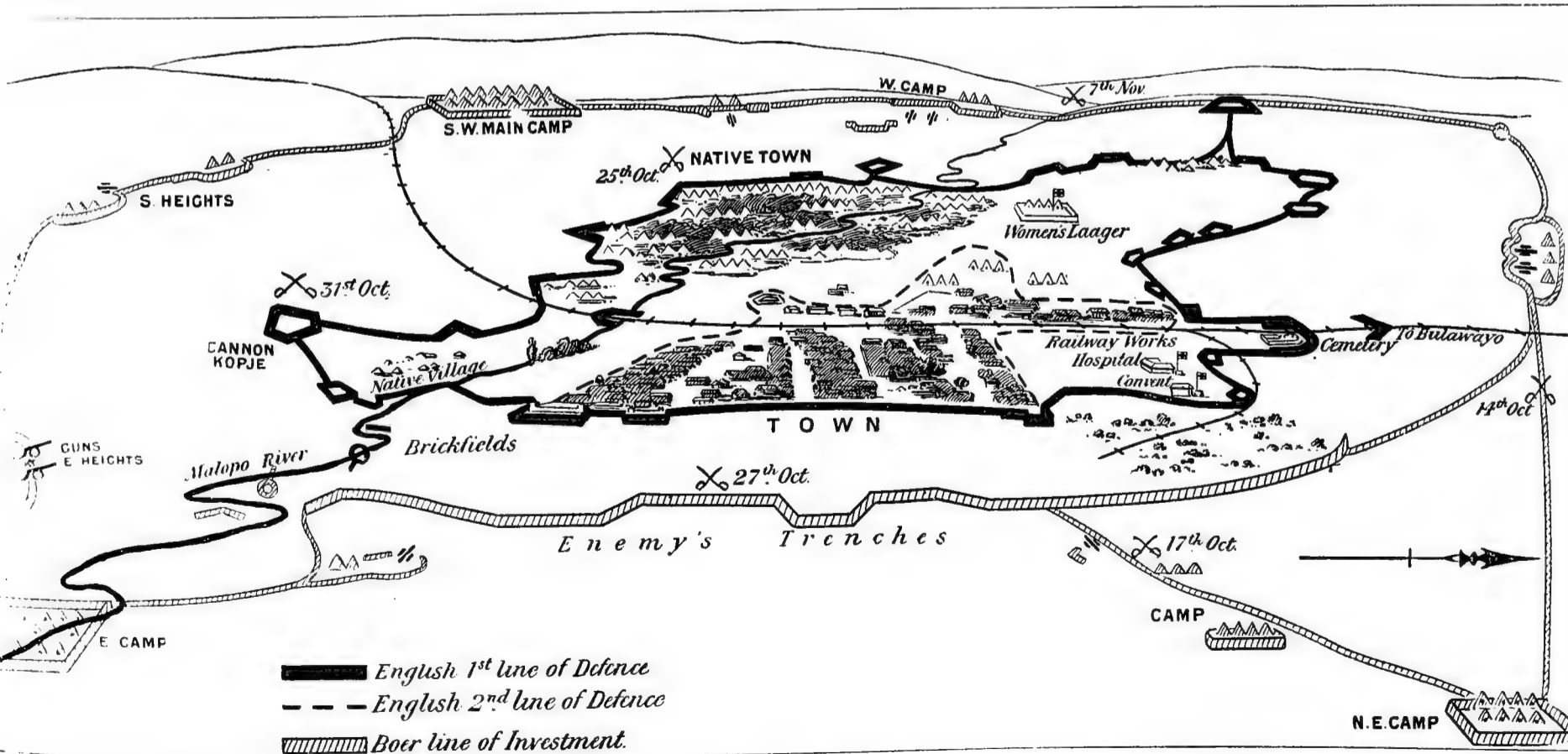
It is greatly to be regretted that Sir John Lubbock has decided upon calling himself Lord Avebury instead of Lord Lubbock. The name of Lubbock is one which has clustered around it many most pleasant associations, association which have become connected with it through the excellent qualities of heart and head of various members of the family. Sir John himself has greatly added to the fame of the name, and it is, therefore, the more regrettable that he should obscure it by taking the title of Lord Avebury.



Mr. John Redmond Mr. Dillon Mr. Swift McNeill Mr. T. Healy

"THE GREAT POWERS COMBINE AGAINST ENGLAND": A SKETCH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL



The officer in Mafeking who sent this sketch, gives the following summary, up to November 15, of the siege which has been so gallantly withstood, under the skilful direction of Colonel Baden-Powell:—"The siege began on October 13, when a small force of British irregulars, police, and town-people took up the defence under Imperial officers. The town and native town contained about 7,500 native inhabitants and 1,000 whites. The enemy's force consisted of about 8,000 men, with nine guns, who surrounded and bombarded the place. The garrison made several vigorous counter-strokes, by which they discouraged the enemy from pushing home any attacks. The British losses up

to November 15 have been two officers and seventeen men killed; four officers, thirty-two men, two women, and one child wounded. The enemy's losses have been over 100 killed and 370 wounded. The accompanying sketch map explains the relative positions of the forces. The flags shown are Red Cross flags, which have been persistently fired upon by the Boer guns. The convent, in particular, is now a wreck. The crossed swords show scenes of engagements up to the date named—in each of which the garrison came off victorious."

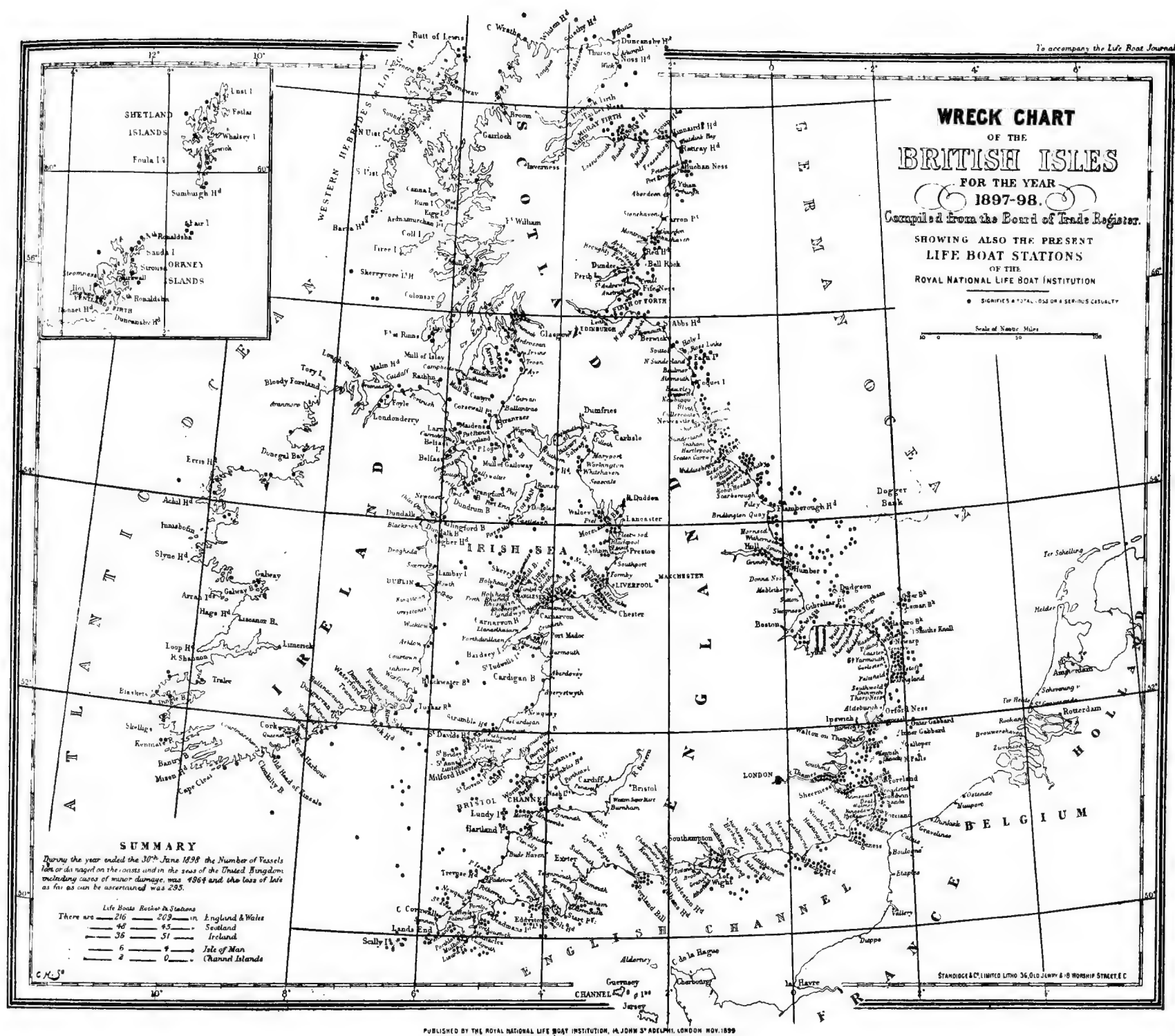
THE SIEGE OF MAFKING: TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCH SHOWING THE BRITISH AND BOER POSITIONS

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER—BROUGHT BY RUNNER TO BULAWAYO



"RINALDA"

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY CHARLES BAUDE AFTER MADEMOISELLE MANDARD



The Latest Wreck Returns

THE accompanying chart has been compiled by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution from statistics issued by the Board of Trade. In this chart a black dot marks the spot where a wreck has occurred. The exact position of each of the 293 lifeboats of the Institution is also shown. A glance at the chart shows how usefully the lifeboats have been placed. It is reassuring to know that the efforts made to reduce each year's terrible total of shipping disasters have borne fruit, and that a decrease is shown both in the number of the casualties and, which is infinitely more important, in the loss of life.

The total number of shipping casualties which occurred on or near the coasts of the United Kingdom in the year 1897-8 was 4,964, this total being a satisfactory decrease of 313, as compared with the corresponding total for the previous twelve months. The number of lives lost as a result of the year's casualties was 295, or 33 less than the total for the year 1896-7, and there is every reason to believe, judging by the nature of the casualties, that this total, in the circumstances, could not in all human probability have been very sensibly reduced. The cases of total loss and serious casualty decreased from 1,499, the total for the year 1896-7, to 1,367, a reduction of 132, while the minor casualties totalled 3,597, or 181 less than the previous year. Life was lost in 97 cases, an unfortunate increase of 3 as compared with the preceding year. The cases of collision represent, as indeed is practically always the case, a very considerable portion of the casualties. In the year 1897-8, the vessels in collision numbered 1,708, or twenty-four less than in the previous twelve months. Of the 4,964 casualties 4,455 befell British and Colonial vessels, and 509 foreign vessels. The total of the British and Colonial casualties were 258 less than that of the year 1896-7, and the total of foreign casualties showed a decrease of fifty-five cases.

Of the 295 lives lost in the year 1897-8, only seventeen out of the

295 persons who perished were passengers, 278 of them being either officers or members of the crews of the vessels.

It is sad to note that from June, 1854, to June, 1898, no fewer than 139,924 vessels have been wrecked on our coasts, and that the number of lives so lost numbers 29,270. On the other hand it is pleasing to record the fact that this terrible list would have been considerably more than doubled but for the timely aid given by the lifeboats and their gallant crews of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, and by the various other means for the saving of life which have been employed and recognised by the Institution. The total number of persons rescued by these means in the same period was 31,288, the lives thus saved exceeding those lost by 2,018.

Contributions to the Lifeboat Fund will be thankfully received by all the bankers in the United Kingdom, and by the Secretary, Mr. Charles Dibdin, at the Institution, John Street, Adelphi, London.

The Works of the Brontës

HAVING completed their new standard edition of Thackeray, with the biographical notes by the novelist's daughter, Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. are now issuing a handsome uniform edition of the life and works of the Brontë sisters—an edition aptly called "The Haworth"—which is likely to be the edition for as long as "Jane Eyre" and its successors are read. The life is to have an introduction and notes by Mr. Clement Shorter, the novels are each prefaced with an introduction by Mrs. Humphry Ward, and contain various portraits and illustrations. The volumes which, so far as we have seen, "Jane Eyre," "Villette," "Shirley," and "The Professor," are bound in plain green cloth, and are in every way pleasant to look at and handle. Mrs. Ward is of opinion that "the name and memory of the Brontës were never more alive than now," and that Charlotte and Emily Brontë are no less secure, at any rate, than Jane Austen or George Eliot or Mrs. Browning of literary recollection in the time to come. Her

introductory essay is a very able analysis of the underlying power and personality which makes "Jane Eyre" a work of genius despite its cheap expedients—"legacies, uncles, fires and coincidences—by which Jane Eyre is ultimately brought to happiness," despite the fact that in one aspect it is "a rather poor novel of incident, planned on the conventional pattern, and full of clumsy execution," and that "the psychology of the book is really childish. Rochester is absurd, Jane Eyre, in spite of the stir that she makes, only half realised and half conscious." All this may be conceded, and yet Mrs. Ward would be the first to acknowledge that the book has all the elements of vitality, and the work of the Brontës deserves an honoured place on the library shelf. "Shirley" was written during an acute family crisis in the year which saw the death of Emily and of the scapegrace Branwell. It suffers to some extent, but to Mrs. Ward it has almost greater attraction in that it reveals most the writer's personality, and it is this personality which in her opinion makes the series of novels so fascinating. "If," she writes, "Shirley, wherever the women of the story are chiefly concerned, is richer even than 'Jane Eyre' in poetry and unexpectedness, in a sort of fresh and sparkling charm, like that of a moor in sunshine, it is because Charlotte Brontë herself has grown and mellowed in the interval, because she has thought more, felt more, trembled still more deeply under the pain and beauty of the world." It reveals the steady growth of the writer's genius. It is not as good a story or as remarkable an achievement as "Jane Eyre," but "it contains none the less the promise and potency of higher things than 'Jane Eyre'—of the brilliant, the imperishable 'Villette.'" To Mrs. Ward's introduction to the last story (which was based, as everyone knows, on an earlier story, "The Professor," never published during the writer's lifetime), one cannot refer except in a few words. It is an eloquent, exhaustive appreciation as generous as it is just. Opinions may differ about Mrs. Ward as a novelist, but she is a born biographer, with all the requisite sympathetic insight, and there is not a page here which is not illuminative and picturesque, which does not conjure up vividly the personality of a pathetic genius.



THE LATE PROFESSOR D. E. HUGHES
Expert Inventor in Electrical Science

MR. THOMAS AITKEN
Who has given 40,000*l.* to the Royal Infirmary,
Edinburgh

THE LATE DUCHESS FREDERICK OF
SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN
Mother of the German Empress

THE LATE DR. WRIGLEY GRIMSHAW
Formerly Registrar-General of Ireland

THE HON. HUGH J. MACDONALD
New Premier of Manitoba

Our Portraits

MR. THOMAS AITKEN has recently given the sum of 40,000*l.* to the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, only attaching to the gift the condition that the money shall be spent in founding a ward which shall be called "The Aitken Ward." Mr. Aitken, who is a widower, has been twice married, and the gift is made in remembrance of both ladies. Mr. Aitken is well known in shipping circles as the managing director of the London and Edinburgh Shipping Company. He is also chairman of the Fife Coal Company, Limited.

The Hon. Hugh John Macdonald, Q.C., M.P.P., the newly elected Conservative Premier of Manitoba, is the only son of the late Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, G.C.B., the great Canadian statesman, by his first wife Isabella, daughter of the late Mr. Alexander Clark, of Dalnavert, Inverness-shire, Scotland. He was born in Kingston, Ontario, on March 13, 1850, and educated at Queen's College Preparatory School, Queen's College, Kingston, and the University of Toronto, where he graduated in 1869 with the degree of B.A. He was called to the Bar in 1872, and after practising law for ten years in his native city he removed to Winnipeg. He was appointed Queen's Counsel in 1890. Mr. Macdonald entered the Canadian House of Commons in 1891 as member for Winnipeg, and was Minister of the Interior in the Sir Charles Tupper Administration. On retiring from Federal politics in 1897, he became Leader of the Liberal-Conservative party at Manitoba, and on the 7th inst. was returned for South Winnipeg at the head of twenty-three followers in a House of forty. "Hugh John," as he is called, is a statesman of great ability and personal magnetism, and is looked to as the future leader of the Conservative party in the Dominion. Mr. Macdonald has also distinguished himself as a soldier—a private in the 14th Battalion in 1866 during

the Fenian raids, as an ensign in the Ontario Rifles on the Red River Expedition in 1870, under Colonel (now Lord) Wolseley, and in 1885, as captain of the 90th Battalion, was present at the battles of Fish Creek and Batoche during the North-West Rebellion. Our portrait is by W. Notman and Son, Montreal.

The late Professor Hughes, F.R.S., the famous electrician, was born in London in 1831, and was educated at Bardstown College, Kentucky. The well-known telegraphic instrument which bears his name was invented by Professor Hughes in 1854-5. It is now used on all important circuits, and on the submarine lines between Great Britain and places abroad. In 1878 he completed his invention of the microphone, which is now universally employed as the transmitter to the telephone. He also invented the induction balance, for which, and the invention of the microphone, the Royal Society awarded him their gold medal in 1885. Professor Hughes, who devoted his whole life to the study of electricity and magnetism, was the author of many works on the subjects with which his name will always be prominently connected.

Thomas Wrigley Grimshaw, C.B., M.A., M.D., Dublin, the eminent Dublin physician, was Registrar-General of Ireland, and a J.P. of the county of Dublin. He was educated at private schools, and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took honours in medical and natural science. He was a Fellow and past President of the Royal College of Physicians of Ireland, was formerly Lecturer in the School of Medicine of Dr. Stevens's Hospital, Dublin, of which he was first physician and afterwards consulting physician. He was also physician to, and subsequently consulting physician to, the Cork Street Fever Hospital, Dublin, and the Dublin Orthopædic Hospital. He was a former President of the Statistical Society of Ireland, and served on several Commissions. Dr. Grimshaw was the author of

many papers and reports on medical, sanitary, and other subjects. Our portrait is by F. P. D'Arcy, Dublin.

The Duchess Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, mother of the German Empress, who has just died at Dresden, at the age of sixty-four, was little known to the present generation of people, in spite of her double link to the Royal Family. Victoria Amelia Louisa Mary Constance was the second daughter of the Queen's half-sister, the Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and was, therefore, Her Majesty's niece. Further, she was the daughter-in-law to Prince and Princess Christian. As a young girl she often came to England, staying with her grandmother, the Duchess of Devonshire, and therefore saw a good deal of the Queen. When twenty years of age she married Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, from whom she took the twin Duchies—a wound healed in later years by the marriage of the Duke and Duchess's eldest daughter—now the German Empress—to the then heir presumptive to the German throne, Prince William. Before this union, however, the Duke had married and from that time the Duchess lived at Dresden with her daughter, Princess Feodore. There are four other children—the German Empress; Princess Louise, married to the Duke of Albany; Princess Victoria, married to the Duke of Gloucester; and the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein. The Duchess's affairs, and was guardian to the young Duke until his majority, and it was to his great regret that she died to his knee lately received in hunting kept the Prince from the funeral. The German Emperor and Empress were present at the funeral, and Emperor William walking with Duke Günther when the remains were interred by her husband's grave in the church of Primkenau, close to the Castle which had been their home.

Molteno lies in a hollow about two miles from this hill

Cyphergat

Police camp is just over this ridge

Berks Mounted Infantry engaging Boers in Cyphergat

Poor position on the ridge of Loper Berg

79th Field Battery

Dewar's Mounted Infantry



1st Royal Scots

Philips's Farm

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT ANGUS MCNEILL

500 after dawn two thousand Boers attacked the Cape Police advanced post near Molteno. The men at the post numbered only 250. Troops from Bushman's Hoek and Sterkstroom moved out to relieve them. The enemy having been shelled for some time with great accuracy, retreated to the mountains back to Stormberg.

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8 7 by 7 0 . . . 3 10 0	12 2 by 9 1 . . . 7 2 0	8 10 by 7 1 . . . 3 13 0	12 4 by 10 7 . . . 7 3 9
9 5 by 7 1 . . . 3 4 0	12 11 by 9 6 . . . 7 4 0	10 4 by 7 5 . . . 3 14 0	12 4 by 11 7 . . . 7 1 0
10 4 by 7 5 . . . 3 14 0	12 11 by 10 2 . . . 7 14 0	11 0 by 8 0 . . . 3 15 0	12 11 by 10 2 . . . 7 14 0
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THE fact that Miss Petronella Carew approved of Dr. Jamson's raid, while her admirer, Mr. Hurlston, of the Stock Exchange, held an opposite opinion, is not sufficient to exempt the title of V. J. Leatherdale's novel (T. Fisher Unwin) from being criticised as too obviously and unnecessarily *de circonstance*. It is certain that this irritating couple, had they lived somewhat earlier, would have



WALKING COSTUME

Skirt of pastel-blue cloth kilted at sides and back. Coat of broadtail and ermine. Toque of pale blue feathers.

squabbled and sulked over the rights and wrongs of the siege of Troy, or, if nothing bigger turned up, about the length of a straw. Of course, they are in love all the while—he consciously, she unconsciously enough to allow of a passing fancy for a plausible blackguard; and are only occupying the ground till the conventional limits of a volume compel them to come to a rational understanding, brought about, in their case, by Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. Other couples more or less completely follow their example; and the business generally is saved from being a monotonous repetition of bickerings and mutual provocations by such unexpectedly exciting incidents as the drowning of one villain, and at least one, if not two, attempted assassinations by another. We should say that the novel will be liked by those who like its kind.

"OUTSIDE THE RADIUS"

In his fifteen little sketches taken "Outside the Radius" (Hodder and Stoughton), Mr. W. Pett Ridge has constituted himself the Asmodeus of a suburban crescent, where the fancy names of the houses run to The Firs, Ben Nevis, or Beethoven Villa, and their rents to about thirty-five pounds a year. Dull and monotonous as life in The Crescent may seem to superficial eyes, Mr. Ridge declares that "In point of fact, there are romances in every house," and he certainly proves his contention. Moreover, he has done this with surprisingly little draft upon the humour and pathos which may be called the common stock of investigators on the same lines. It is true that he kills one baby—but that, no doubt, is but an inevitable sacrifice to established custom, inasmuch as he kills no more than one. The remainder are as happily imagined as they are brightly told; and even the less unfamiliar situations are freshened up by some entirely unexpected turn. Special mention would be no more than the expression of preferences that we have no wish to impose. But "The Progress of Amelia," where, under the usual influence, a studious clerk and a flighty waitress change into a studious waitress and a flighty clerk, and so remain as far from mutual adaptation as ever, must be noted as an unusually good suggestion of how farce may be only tragedy in disguise.

"OUT IN LIFE'S RAIN"

It has been said that the best patrons of books for boys are girls. If, however, there are still enough left among the latter to enjoy a quiet story without even a suggestion of slaughter, Mary E. Mann's "Out in Life's Rain" should be just the book to please them. At any rate, "Boy Step," whose whole title to heroism consists in the sacrifice of his whole bent and ambition to an uncongenial duty, will please their elders; and the experience of his original little, but afterwards tall, young sweetheart, Mercy, in mistaking vanity and ingratitude for artistic aspiration, should prove profitable to others as well as to their happily, temporary victim. The way in which the little girl, "boarded out" from the workhouse (a not very successful experiment in her case), captures the heart of the stern lady at the vicarage will assuredly please all.

"A LOWLY LOVER"

A novel by Florence Warden which commits no assault upon the nerves is still something of a new departure. It is right to say this at once in respect of "A Lowly Lover" (F. V. White and Co.)

to prevent possible disappointment on the part of readers who look to her for their accustomed thrill. For the rest, they will be inspired with unqualified esteem and liking for the excellent young working-man who loves not so very much above him, while they will never for a moment share his suspicion that the lady of his heart either eloped with or pushed under a railway train a loftier lover. They will feel sure that her disappearance would turn out to be irreproachable, and they will be left with a lawyer-like mistrust of eye-witness in criminal cases. The end is happy, and how it is reached will be found interesting to discover. It is certainly by no every-day means.



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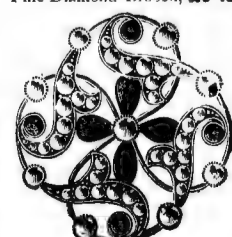
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PRIVATE ST. JOHN
Killed at Belmont, after killing eleven Boers

PRIVATE DAVID ST. JOHN of the Queen's Company of the 1st Battalion of the Grenadiers, was killed at Belmont, but he gave a good account of himself before he died. He killed eleven Boers one after another before he himself fell. Private St. John was champion heavy-weight boxer of the army and champion of Wales. He appeared many times at the National Sporting Club, Covent Garden. Our portrait is by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

DRESS has, at the present moment, lost much of its interest for women. Given foggy, gloomy weather, weather that seems morbidly sensitive to our own depression, an utter absence of gaiety or society functions, and an exodus of young and agreeable men, what is a woman, even the most coquettish, to dress for? Men say, unkindly, that we dress for one another, and not to charm man; but the contrary is now all-evident. Men have departed, and women have ceased to care about clothes. The dressmakers cry out in despair. One large firm has only been able to keep its workwomen by letting them make clothes for refugees and soldiers' wives and children. Another has almost ceased to sell evening toilettes, and everybody is putting in an era of economy. The sales have displayed their attractions in vain, and women, for once, have refrained from buying things they do not want. *Per contra*, the large outfitters are as busy as bees, making khaki and uniforms, and selling jerseys, socks, caps, and the necessities for campaigning. Even mourning orders are hailed as a relief by dressmakers from the universal stagnation of trade.

Very welcome, therefore, will be the feast of colour and beauty provided in the tableaux and masque to be given on February 13 at Her Majesty's Theatre. Prices will run high, Royalty will be present, and all the prettiest women in London will perform. The R.A.'s who have designed the pictures include the names of Alma-Tadema, Sargent, Boughton, and Shannon, and we may be certain, therefore, that beauty will be displayed to the fullest

advantage. In the Venetian tableau alone, great pains have been taken that only ladies with genuinely auburn tresses shall figure, and the result will be a novelty as rich and glowing in colour as any of the feasts and pageants performed before the Doges in the heyday of Venetian magnificence and glory.

In New York even the most ordinary entertainments own a *cachet* and originality of their own. At a ball recently given by Mrs. Drexel, the floral decorations resembled fairyland. Roses lined the walls, garlanded the pillars, and hung from the gallery. After the cotillon, made splendid and interesting by a variety of new figures and pretty gifts of parasols, silk bags, brocaded picture frames, and *bitelets* of all kinds, an immense ball of roses, which had hung suspended from the ceiling and illuminated with scintillating electric lights like stars, dissolved itself by some subtle process, and fell in a shower of rose leaves all around, reminding one of a scene in Nero's poets. The sums spent by English hostesses are often great, but they are spent in a conventional manner, and neither charm the eye specially nor kindle the imagination. We are too apt to follow our neighbours' example in everything instead of striking out a line of our own. One great charm of being a millionaire might be the joy of inventing something new, which one had the money to carry out, for alas! except in the case of the daisy or the cowslip, everything beautiful costs money, and is therefore removed from the reach of the humble pauper.

Athletics seem to be attracting more and more attention, and the war is likely to cause an even greater impetus. I am told that athletic proficiency is now required in all kinds of unexpected quarters. One theatrical manager will engage no members of his company who cannot swim, run, fence, and bicycle, the vigour of body thus induced being, in his opinion, necessary to grace. A large commercial firm requires all its clerks to bicycle, and to join golf and hockey clubs, while even women of middle-age seek to repair the ravages of time by going through a Sandow course. There is no doubt that half the ailments our mothers suffered from—their vapours, their *ennui*, their swoons, and indispositions—arose from want of exercise. Nothing produces low spirits so easily as indolence and languor of body, and a brisk walk or ride will often chase away pessimism, and exchange the gloomy outlook on life for the most cheerful. No one has time to mope whose body is actively employed and mind easy, and no doubt suppleness of muscle and the free oxygenising of the blood is worth a dozen doctors' prescriptions.

The late Duke of Teck was, in his youth, one of the handsomest men I ever saw. His flashing dark eyes, his erect figure, specially remarkable when arrayed in the becoming Austrian Hussar uniform, his brilliant colouring and raven hair, his gaiety and good nature made him a remarkable figure and amply accounted for the love he inspired in the amiable woman he married. The simplicity of the life the pair led, his modest frankness, and the ease with which he adapted himself to the customs of a foreign country, all endeared him to those around, and it seems sad to think of his lonely death, with his three manly sons fighting far away, and his beloved wife already laid to rest. Everyone must feel for the sorrow of the Duchess of York, deprived so prematurely of both her parents. The late Duke was a kindly friend, and intensely devoted to his children.

Some of the young writers might follow the example of Miss

Cholmondeley, whose novel, "Red Pottage," has obtained a deserved popularity. She writes very slowly, thoroughly thinks and plans out her plot before she begins, and polishes and re-polishes her dialogue until it satisfies her. "Red Pottage" took three years to write. Modern novelists turn out three novels, or even more, in a year. Perhaps they are right from their point of view. They do not write for posterity, or for antiquity, as Charles Lamb once said, but to satisfy their immediate wants, and live by the money they make. But this is not literature, and accounts for the quantity of trash poured out on the market. If people only wrote when they had something to say, looks would fall off in quantity at once, though they might gain in quality.

Khaki-coloured cycles are the very latest product of fashion, and, with mud-coloured tweeds to match, appear to be as appropriate in London as on the South African veldt, London mud having a specially tenacious and destructive tendency.



This photograph illustrates the practical sympathy which the Greeks feel towards us in our present troubles in South Africa. The obelisk was erected in the Cathedral of the Orthodox Church, in Patras, in front of the "catastasis," at the Requiem Mass which was held to commemorate the British soldiers who perished in the war in South Africa.

IN TOKEN OF GREEK SYMPATHY WITH ENGLAND

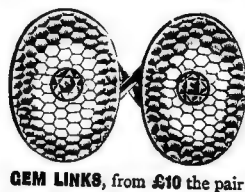
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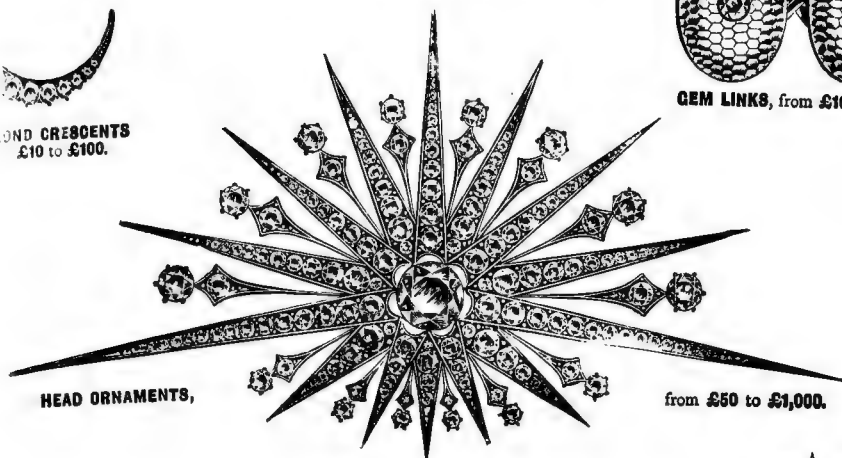
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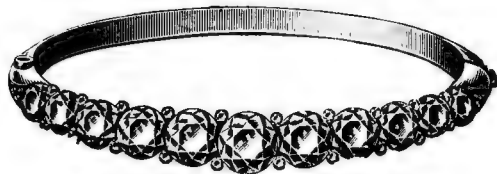


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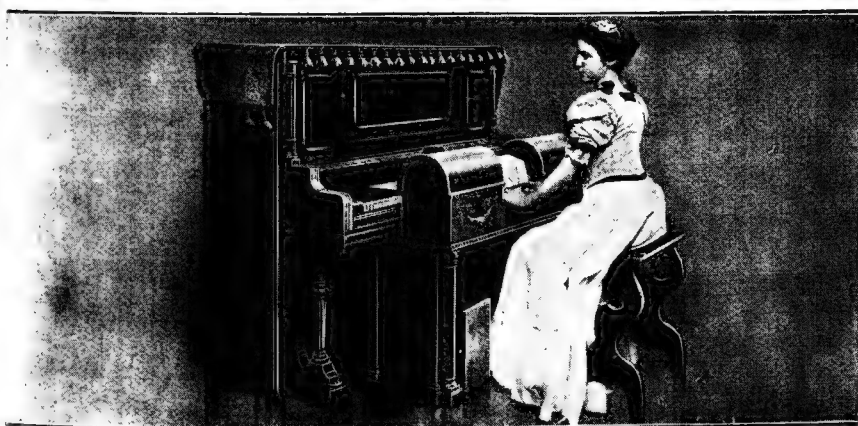
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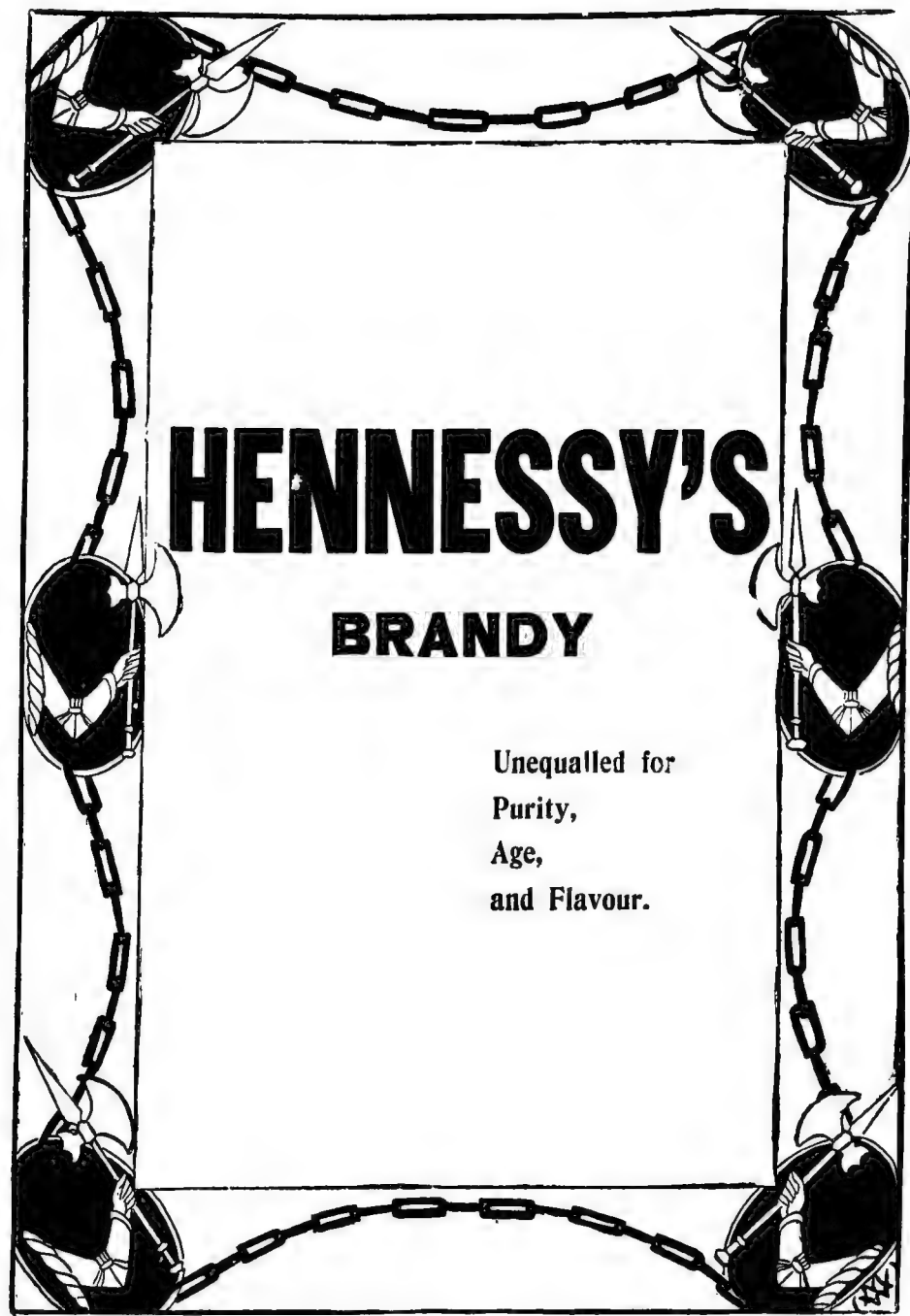
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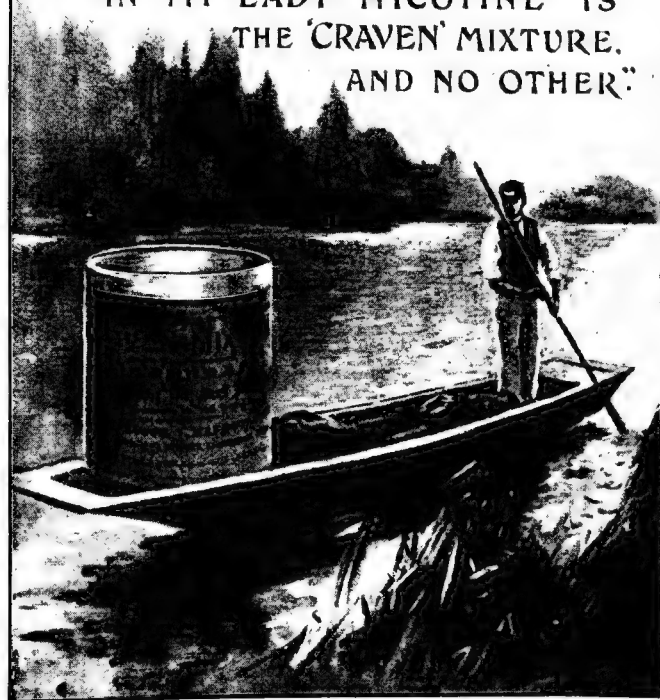
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"WHITAKER'S NAVAL AND MILITARY DIRECTORY AND INDIAN ARMY LIST" (J. Whitaker and Sons) has now reached its third issue. It has made a place for itself in a reference library—a place hitherto unfilled. The volume improves year by year. Two hundred pages have been added in order to give seniority lists of all commissioned officers of the Navy and of all Regiments, Corps, and Departments of the Army. Also a Colonial Army list has been added. This will be most useful just now, when attention is drawn to our Colonial Contingents in South Africa.—The twenty-first annual issue of "The Year's Art" (H. Virtue and Co.) contains a series of portraits representative of the more prominent workers in the field of decorative art. Among the new features of the book which, generally speaking, follows the excellent lines of its predecessors, is an article on "Applied Art," by Mr. Edward F. Strange. Mr. A. C. R. Carter, who is again the editor of this useful work, contributes his customary review of the art of the past year, and draws special attention to the new Science and Art Buildings at South Kensington, the Victoria and Albert Museum, as they ought to be called, and the foundation-stone of which was laid by the Queen on May 17 last year.—The "Royal Blue Book" (Kelly's Directories, Limited) has now reached its seventy-eighth year and its 166th edition. The volume is a capital directory to the better class private residents in the district roughly comprised in the area by Hampstead on the north, Finsbury circus on the east, the Chelsea reaches on the south, and Hammersmith on the west.

For Services to the Sick and Wounded

A "SERVICE medal" was recently instituted by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and the Chapter of the Order of St. John. This



OBVERSE

REVERSE

medal is primarily intended for recognition of the services of the officers and men of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, of whom some 300 are now doing duty in or are *en route* to South Africa, to attend. The obverse of the medal is a reproduction of the bust of the Queen by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, at Burlington House, and until Her Majesty and Her Royal Highness gave the necessary permission, the bust had never before been even photographed.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE mild January has been highly favourable to the early lambs, and on the farm in general the health of stock is first rate. That malign mystery, the influenza, is confined to human beings, and while the mild winter has sent the human death rate up by leaps and bounds, the high temperature and soft south-westerly wind have been health-giving to ewes and lambs in Dorsetshire, and to cattle, sheep, and horses throughout the entire country. Poultry also have done noticeably well. The autumn-sown wheat, together with what are known as "catch crops," look exceedingly vigorous; the wheat in especial is of an excellent colour and well rooted. Owing to the want of frost to make a good tilth, and to the discouragement caused by three months of bad barley markets, we fear that the spring sowing of that cereal will be reduced in most counties.

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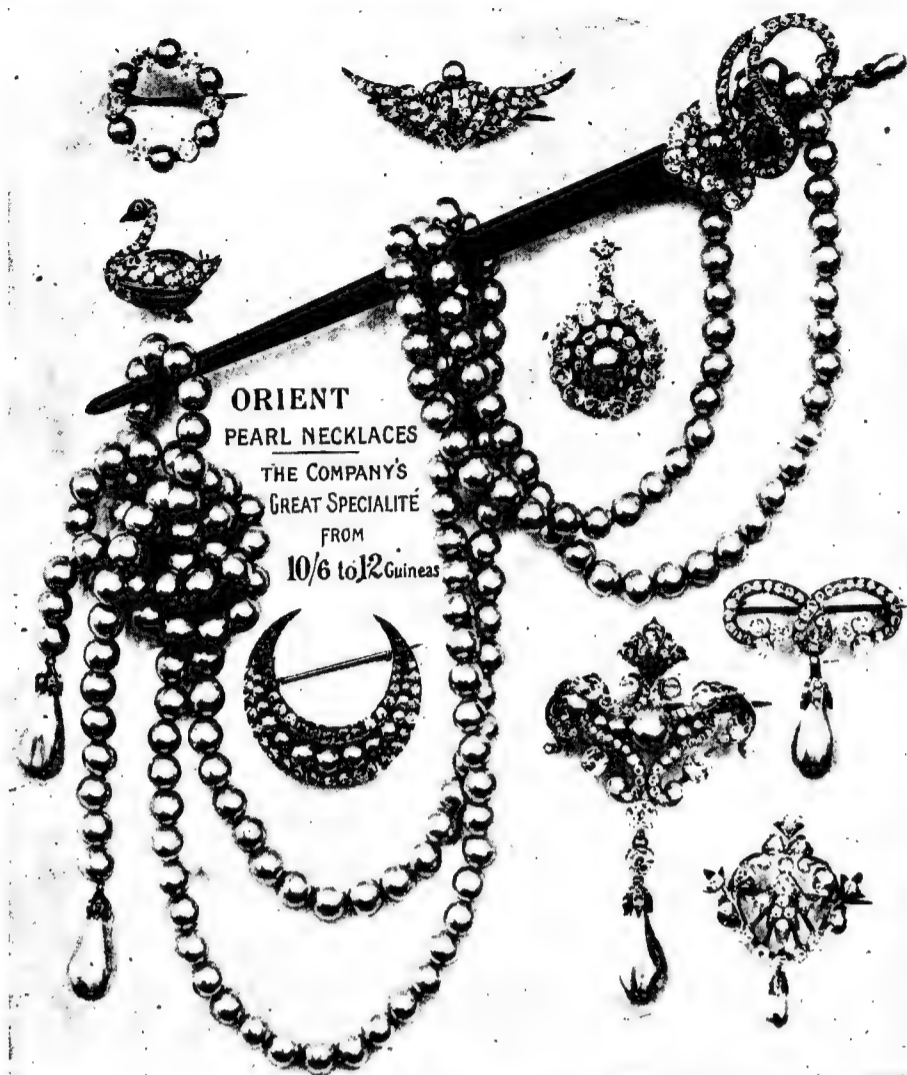
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MR. BLACKMORE AS AGRICULTURIST

The author of "Cradock Nowell" is to-day almost forgotten in the author of "Lorna Doone," and the strong rural note in both is regarded as eccentric in a London conveyancer. The clue is, we believe, to be found in the fact that Mr. Blackmore's grandfather was rector of Oare, in North Devon, and farmed his own glebe, and that his little grandson's first impressions as a boy were of Devonshire farming, which, with its care for orchards, bees, and poultry, as well as corn and pasture, is of a remarkably all-round

kind. Two years of boarding school life were spent by the novelist in a purely rural district, and in days before "compulsory games" led to boys' time being annexed for the whole working day. Long country rambles and friendships with farmers' and squires' sons in the district were the result of his being sent to a school where more liberty was enjoyed than at the big establishments.

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Feed should be liberal. In what is called a mild winter many poultry-keepers, who would feed their birds three times a day on hot mashes if there were snow on the ground, are quite stingy in their allowances. They forget that even a mild winter day will have a temperature below 50 deg., whereas in the summer we feel 55 deg. as chilly and disagreeable. There is no better food for poultry in the winter than steeped or boiled wheat. It should never be fed by itself, but with remains of green vegetables, potatoes, and rice will make a splendid and most sustaining mixture. I very third or fourth week the wheat should be replaced by American feeding barley, as it is the best change from wheat, and is eagerly devoured by the fowls. Chickens will often pick up barley grains first out of

a handful of all the six chief staples, wheat, barley, oats, maize, beans, and peas. We have heard of other experiences, but observations of this kind must be averaged. Ground oats are very good for poultry, but the whole grain is not a favourite with them. Buckwheat is very fattening, and at 24s. per qr. is a good bargain. There is also something to be said for daxi, which is at the same price as buckwheat.

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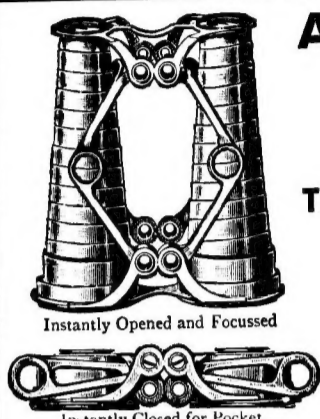


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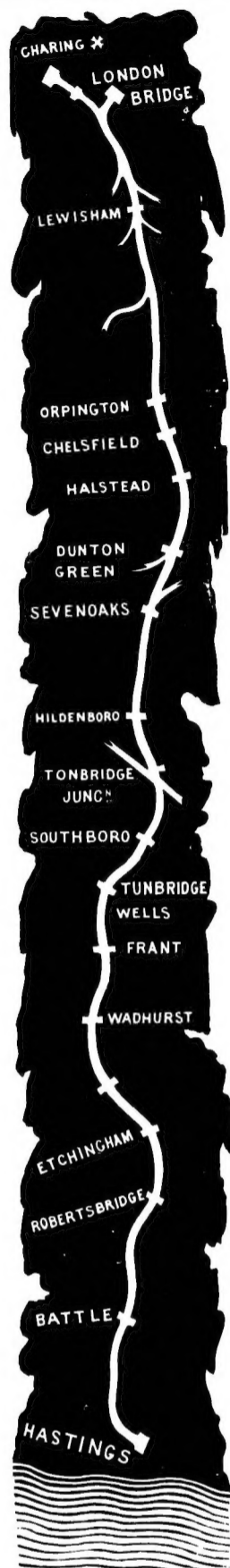
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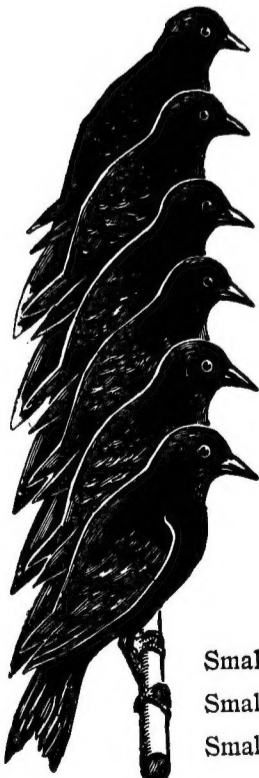
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